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Selections.

THE BUFFALO CONVENTION.

We published in the last number of the *Standard*, the proceedings of the Buffalo Convention so far as they related to its business—its Nominations, Platform, and list of officers. We are confident that we can lay before our readers at this time, nothing of more interest and importance than a report of the speeches made on that occasion. We copy from Mr. Dyer's Phonographic Report, such speeches as are longest and apparently best reported, and as will convey to the reader a clear idea of the tone and character of the Convention.

MR. ADAMS'S SPEECH.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—It is a matter of deep and heartfelt gratitude to me that I have been selected as an unworthy instrument to preside over the deliberations of this great body. I would apologize for my unfitness were it not that I see in the multitude of speaking faces before me, and feel in the mass of beating hearts around me some guaranty that you will all contribute to make my labours light.

Fellow citizens, you have all assembled here today out of pure devotion to a principle. That principle, clothed as it has been in technical terms which do not express the idea, has yet rallied to its support the multitudes that I see before me. This gives me an assurance of the intelligence and virtue of the people—which I never doubted—and without any necessity for long reasoning on the subject; without the need of those elucidations which are so often demanded in public affairs. No, when they heard the words of the Wilmot Proviso their instincts told them that Human Liberty was in danger, and the answer that they have given to it is, that they are here. [Applause.] I have been told, fellow citizens, by those who do not sympathize in this glorious movement, that the Wilmot Proviso is, after all, nothing but an abstraction.—[Laughter.] Well, to a certain extent I am willing to admit that it is an abstraction. I am willing to say what it is not. It is not bread and butter. It is not roast beef and two dollars a-day. [Laughter.] It is not a nice provision under government as a reward for party services. No, the Wilmot Proviso rises above all these considerations. It is an abstraction, to-be-sure, and so was Magna Charta an abstraction. And so was the Declaration of Independence an abstraction. [Yes, yes. That's it.—There you have 'em.] So is the idea of right and justice and the truth of God an abstraction. And it is these abstractions that raise mankind above the brutes that perish. [Yes, yes. That's the fact.—Go it.] It is these abstractions that raise a people and carry them on to glory forever. And, fellow citizens, it is around these abstractions that we now rally in order to place our Government on a proper basis which it has deserted.

Fellow citizens, for my own part, I regard the Wilmot Proviso as covering a great deal more ground probably than you may at first imagine. I regard the Wilmot Provisons, in substance, a struggle between right and wrong. As a contest between truth and falsehood, between the principles of Liberty and the rule of Slavery. [Good, good. Hurrah.] Now, fellow citizens, is the accepted time when we all come together to note what our position is, and how far the Government has drifted from the ancient landmarks which our fathers set up.—Now is the accepted time when we are taking a new observation of the National Ship, and if we have found that she has drifted from her course, we are to try to put her back again. [Applause.] The question now before us is one, which involves the proposition whether we shall adhere to the solemn principles of the Declaration of Independence; whether we shall deduce Government from the consent of the governed; and whether we shall make this Government a system which promotes justice or which sanctions Slavery in the new territories of the West. [Yes, yes, that's the question.] Why, fellow citizens, this question rises above the mere consideration of common law. By natural law, by the law of God, no people are authorized to sow the seeds of Slavery in a rising community anywhere; and the Constitution of the United States never contemplated that we as a people should allow the creating of a system of injustice in any country which we may ever populate. Yet, it is a fact, fellow citizens, that these solemn principles which we have supposed to have been established for seventy years, are now called in question in the high places of the Union. They have not only been called abstractions, but they have been declared to be actually false. It is highly incumbent upon us, therefore, if we mean really to stand by what our fathers told us; if we mean to sympathize with the principles of Locke, and stand by the martyrdom of Hampden and Sydney, it is necessary to withstand the efforts of those who would carry us back two hundred years, and place us under the tyranny of the principles advocated by the old English philosophers, Hobbes and other writers of the times.

Fellow citizens, I firmly believe the world is about to know, whether we are the devoted sons of Liberty, or whether we are going to give up the whole of this great Western continent to the rule of those who do not acknowledge our principles, but denounce them. Fellow citizens, we are obliged, under a necessity which we cannot resist, to denounce the organizations of the old parties as no longer worthy of the confidence of a free people. (Applause.) They have met, and they have shown by their action that they have no system of policy, excepting that which consists in fighting with each other in the endeavour to get place as the prize of the struggle. (That's it, good, you hit 'em there.) They are united, however, in one thing, and that is to put down the principle of liberty which is rising in this continent. Fellow citizens, we know the result of these bodies, and now that we have seen and understand what it is that they are contending for, let us go forward and show our fellow citizens what a different spectacle is exhibited by those who, looking first upon a solemn principle, are agreed upon that, and then turning their shoulders to the wheel see how it shall be carried out. (Cheers.) And, fellow citizens, we may claim to be of those who, although they may desire to command success, yet, do not mean to forget that, in the event of success, they mean to carry their principles with them.—(Great applause.)

But, fellow citizens, the eyes of the whole country are upon our action this day, and there are many ill-disposed persons who are greedily looking for some manifestation of distraction, and dissension and division, which shall succeed in defeating, as far as any human power can defeat it, the success of our movement. Looking at the results of their own Conventions, in which they have presented the mortifying spectacle of nothing but division, they do really suppose that we, who come here, are in just the same position. (Laughter, they are decidedly verdant.) They do not understand the difference between them and us yet. (No, no, they soon will, though.) They do not understand that they are fighting only for expediency, and are expecting nothing but place. (Ha, ha, ha, a good hit.) But here have we come together with an anxious and an earnest desire to mark out the way in which we shall arrive at truth, and when once it shall have been presented to us, not to quarrel, but unite together in its support. (Great applause.) They do not understand that we come here and say, "set up your standard of Freedom and Truth, everything for the cause and nothing for men." (Tremendous and long continued applause.) Let your deliberations then proceed, and may the Divine blessing rest upon the result, so that we may take one step forward to realize that great idea of our forefathers, the model of a Christian commonwealth.

Mr. Adams took his seat amidst the most enthusiastic and long continued applause.

MR. CULVER'S SPEECH.

GENTLEMEN:—I have lungs like a double bound, high pressure steam engine. [Ha, ha, ha.] I will make you all hear just like a knife. [Ha, ha, ha.] Mr. Butler will speak after I get through. It is always customary where I live to put the young steers first and let the old oxen come behind. [Ha, ha, what a fellow he is, go it Culver.]

Fellow citizens, you have come up here from all parts of the country to signify your love of Liberty and hatred of Oppression. I consider this the sublimest spectacle my eyes ever rested on. I attended at Tippecanoe in 1840. I thought I saw faces there. I thought no man could number them, but they were nothing compared to this ocean of heads. [Laughter.] This immense concourse shows me that there is something at the bottom of this matter at work. What is it that has brought little Rhode Island, that little State which sets out in the sea, up here to day to strike hands with Iowa? What has brought Virginia up here, that State of moonlight cotton bag abstractions? [Ha, ha, ha. He's one of 'em.] What has brought Ohio here, our elder sister, too old to have children, although she has several thousands here to-day, who are alive and kicking? [Ha, ha, hoo.] Gentlemen, I am just like a Connecticut beer barrel, and have wanted vent the whole day. [Great merriment.] What, gentleman, is the one bond that has tied us together? Have you ever seen that gushing up in the old parties that links us together? [No, no.] What is that bond? Why, fellow citizens, we have seen down at the South a principle growing up and strengthening for fifty years. We thought it would grow weaker, but it has been continually rising up and growing stronger and stronger, till at last it threatens to overwhelm us all. But we will not have our necks ground down, and this is what is rousing us up.

Fellow citizens, what is the glorious issue now at stake? It is something tangible. We have talked heretofore of Banks, Sub-Treasuries, and Tariffs, but now we have got hold of something tangible. Have you not seen that the slaveholders have always fashioned our movements?—When they said bank, we had a bank. Even Calhoun could go for it then. If they said Tariff, we had Tariff. And if they said no Tariff, the Tariff was gone in a twinkling. When the factories were all going, and the factory girls making lots of money, and our farmers making money, and everything going on prosperously here at the North, the slaveholders said we must stop this. Those Yankees are going on too fast. They are becoming too rich and powerful, and they brushed away your prosperity as a housewife brushes a cobweb from the ceiling of a room. [That's a fact. Yes, yes.] Why can we not have our rivers and harbours improved? Because the South want the money to pay for a war down in Mexico, and to get slaves there. I have had a little experience in this matter. I was one of the immortal "fourteen" that voted against the war. I voted against Texas when that base scheme was brought in, and the previous question called, so that one hundred young members were not allowed a word of debate. Three Democrats then stood by my side. Bradford Wood, of Albany, Horace Wheaton and Preston King, who don't fear either fire or thunder. [Applause.] When I asked King why he opposed the annexation, he laid his hand upon his heart, and said, I can never consent that the South shall acquire another *inch* of slave territory. [Great applause.] A few days after I got the floor, and then I lashed them with what I would have said on the day Texas was admitted. I had heard they were about to heat up the political furnace for the benefit of my three Democratic friends, and told them that in old times three good men and true who would not bow down to the idols of their master, were cast into a furnace seven times heated, but that they did not get scorched half as badly as did they who threw them in. [Applause.]

I wish to say a word about compromises, now I stand upon middle ground. I know all about Anti-Slavery. Now there is that portion of our party, and the Whig portion, and the Democratic portion, and we may not all think to set our stakes at the same notch. Now it is important that we start out on some good ground and go it strong as thunder as far as we go. [Good, good.] Only get them on the track, and the South will make these men all consistent by and by. There is a class of men, and I honour them, who say we must look out for the guaranties of the Constitution.—I have heard men talk as though the Constitution was got up for the express purpose of maintaining Slavery. John C. Calhoun said that Slavery was the only kind of property guaranteed by the Constitution, and he never blushed, but said it with all the *sang froid* of a Connecticut schoolmaster.

Now the Constitution does not say a word about slaves. The honourable men that made that instrument remembered that when, twelve years before, at the opening of the Revolution, they stuck their stakes and stuck them strong, it was necessary to have the sympathy of all the world, and they struck out a charter containing certain great landmarks of which they were proud, and it was a Virginia hand that drew it up, and they recollected that in the platform thus laid down were principles quite inconsistent with the existence of Slavery in this land. But now you hear them talk about the compromises of the Constitution. Where do you find them? Nowhere. A Virginian thinks the Constitution is a great jug with the handle all on the Southern side. And when you ask them to look at the handle of the jug to see if there are not some guaranties there, they raise the cry of interference or dissolution of the Union. But thank God we have guaranties there. A free press and the right of petition.—And how did they abide by these guaranties when that venerable old man who has lately gone to his eternal rest presented a petition to the House of Representatives which had been sent up to him by a portion of the people of this country? Why they attempted to crush him, to thrust him from that House. But the old man stood firm, and how did our hearts beat as we anxiously waited for the mails to bring us the tidings from the Capitol, that we might learn whether the waves of Southern hate had overwhelmed him. But that old man triumphed gloriously and sent those Southern hounds crouching and trembling back to their kennels. [Applause.] And how did the South support the guaranties when my friend from Ohio presented his memorable petition? Why, they sent him home, and I say in the presence of that man's constituency, I have longed to see your faces.—You who in the dead of winter rolled up a majority of 3,000, put his credentials in his hand and sent the great six-footer back to torment the sensitive Southrons.

They told us we should have "freedom of the press," and do you remember that 11 or 12 years ago a New England man went down among them to establish a free press, and that they attacked him, violated the sanctity of his home, and cast his press into the river? Did they say anything about the "guaranties" then? No—they sent four bullets and lodged them in his breast. They murdered him, and what stamps this nation, with everlasting infamy, those men still go unwhipt of justice, and the murdered man has scarcely received an honourable grave. But let him alone. He will sleep but a little longer ere his resting place shall be marked by a monument to FREEDOM. [Applause.]

I challenge Slavery for another thing. They talk about the guaranties of the Constitution. Do they wish to establish Slavery in Southern States so as to break the balance of power? We will stand by the Jefferson Ordinance. Gentlemen, go down South and see the condition of the country. As you travel along you will see the works of Slavery. A worn out soil, dilapidated fences and tenements, and an air of general desolation. But by and by you come before a neat white house with good fences, and the grounds wearing the air of fertility and prosperity. Who lives there? A Quaker from New York. You see another similar estate. Who lives there? A Yankee from Connecticut. And now do you want this land-desolating and prosperity killing institution spread over California and New Mexico? [No, no, no.]

I recollect a subject that illustrates in a measure the spirit of the South upon all questions. It is petition day in Congress. A gentleman from South Carolina presents a petition to "take the fetters off of home labour." The petition is passed right along. I feel encouraged. I was green then. [Ha, ha, ha.] I present a petition that Congress shall, as far as it has power, remove the institution of Slavery. Immediately a dozen of members move to lay it on the table, and it is laid on the table in a twinkling. There was but little difference in the two petitions. The Southern member's was to remove the fetters from *home labour*, and mine was to remove the fetters from *home labourers*. I felt like the green Yankee who went to work for the old deacon. They used to place a pitcher by his plate which contained nothing but water, while all the rest of the family used the contents of a huge pitcher which sat in the middle of the table. One day our Yankee friend boldly seized said pitcher and taking a hearty swig therefrom found it to contain the best kind of cider. The deacon, very much astonished, asked the young man "where he was brought up?" "Where all fared alike, by G—d," replied he. (Great Laughter.) I came from a country where all fared alike, and I thought my petition should have been granted as well as the other.

Do you remember, my friends, when Massachusetts sent out a gentleman to South Carolina to look after the protection of her citizens visiting that State? The Governor sent a message to the Legislature and the Legislature ordered the gentleman to leave instanter. He refused. A mob was raised, and, at length, rather than jeopardize the life of his daughter, who was in feeble health, he chose to return to his home. The Legislature of his State got up some solemn joint resolutions and sent them to Congress. I remember when that old man, the oldest member of the House, presented them. They were sent to the table and Massachusetts was disgraced. The old man said with emphasis, Massachusetts will not always submit to this. [Shame, shame.] Why is this? Had an eminent man come up from the South to Massachusetts, would the people have driven him out? No, they would have given him a considerable kind of good usage, they would have taken him home to their houses and kinder argued the matter with him. [Laughter.] I told them once in Congress that they could not bear the light.

Now gentlemen, I say check Slavery where it is, and then I will show you a man that will go still farther. We have never guarantied that Slavery shall rest on that 50 square miles yet. [No, no, no.] When my constituents sent me to Congress, I told them plainly just what I meant to do. I said as long as there is a loophole through which I can fire on this abominable old institution, I shall fire away. [Good, good.] Now I mean to be aggressive in this matter. [Good, go it.] The cry is that it is unconstitutional, you can't prevent us going there and having our slaves there. Why suppose California had all the laws in all the States and all in operation at the same time. Suppose the laws of Polygamy were in force in Texas as they sometimes practically are, [Ha, ha, ha.] and it was punished as a crime in Mississippi. Why you would have to have a law in California for and against Polygamy. What a ridiculous farce is this, then, of talking about extending the laws of ones own State over this territory.

Friends, we must unite. I have been a Whig for some time, and I greased Gen. Taylor and tried for a long time to swallow him, but after all I could [illegible] and there he sticks. [Laughter.] I cannot get him down. [illegible] then.] Well, I am afraid he will tear up my throat if I do. I shall go for the nominee of this Convention. [Applause.] We must unite and take up the glove where the South throw it down. We will draw a line. Stop, says the South, or we will dissolve the Union. That is one of the richest farces ever played. Dissolve the Union. Why, I remember a hatchet-faced Virginian, whose face was so sharp that he could split an oak tree by looking at it. [Ha, ha, ha.] He came round by my seat, and said, so that I could hear it, "I have a great notion to go home to Virginia, and call a Convention to dissolve the Union." Said I you had better leave a door behind you, and take six week's provisions with you, for in less than that time your negroes will bring you back again. [Tremendous applause.] I go for putting it to them. [So do I.] Don't give sweetened water to these spunky children. Put the string on them. But, say they, do you wish to elect Cass? (No, no, no.) Nor do we wish to elect Taylor.

But, say they, if you do not elect Taylor, Cass will be elected, and out of two evils you should chose the least. But we say to them, we prefer out of *three* evils to chose the least. (Ha, ha, ha.) We must fight together. John Van Buren gave a beautiful illustration of this point, in a letter a few days since. "Suppose," said he "that at the battle of Bunker Hill, the soldiers, instead of uniting to beat back the common foe, had busied themselves in prying into all the past actions of their fellows." But they did no such thing. They forgot all past difficulties. Let us do the same. These men will come up like a book bye the bye. Remember what killed Van Buren. Remember what killed Clay. Unite and say to Taylor Whigs "come view the ground where you must shortly lie." (Enthusiastic and long continued cheering.)

MR. BUTLER'S SPEECH.

MR. BUTLER was loudly called for, and came forward and addressed the meeting as follows:

MY FRIENDS—It is, perhaps, unfortunate for me that I consented that Mr Culver should first address you, for he posesses a fund of knowledge so varied and diversified, and has so long been an actor in scenes of deep political interest, which enables him not only to instruct but to entertain and delight an audience. He can pass from grave to gay, from lively to severe, and in each transition can pursue the steady path of argument. I fellow citizens can only speak to you in words of truth and soberness. I can say nothing to delight the fancy or tickle the imagination. I am perfectly conscious however—excuse the vanity—that I can say something which will reach the *hearts* of this great audience. [Good blood.] Why am I conscious of this? Because I shall only repeat the truths—the immortal truths—which shall live forever and reform the world notwithstanding that a great but erratic genius has pronounced them false.

Fellow citizens! when the people of Paris first entered the barricades for the expulsion of the Bourbons—when they drove out Charles X., and under the lead of Lafayette—our own Lafayette—the friend of human liberty throughout the world—the friend of Washington, Adams, Jefferson and Franklin—they were obliged to ordain new principles of Government. There was one who had been a General, who had even not merely broken his sword but had shed his blood—[Ha! ha! ha!]—in defence of his country, and who, though he was a Bourbon, yet said he was a friend of liberty. He united at all events, in that movement, and when he came into the streets of Paris to put himself, with the consent of the Parisians, at the head, he proclaimed Louis Philippe, and he was elected the first King of France.—He proclaimed henceforth the Charter granted by Louis XVIII., and which Charles X., swore to maintain, but broke his oath. Louis Philippe said that the Charter should henceforth be a truth; but notwithstanding the applause which some American Generals have bestowed upon him, he was proved to be false, and the people of France have again been obliged to raise the barricades. Their spirit has come over to us and we are carrying it forward. [Applause.]

Fellow citizens! there is point and application in the brief historic page I have brought to your recollection. It was not for calling to your minds the fulsome and hypocritical laudations of an American General that I have called your attention to it. No! If there were no other objection to General Cass than bad taste in writing his book, I could overlook it. I could even overlook the exhibition he made not creditable to any American, at the first meeting held at the capital of the United States, sympathizing with the French, he being one of the very first to rejoice over this—necessary it was undoubtedly, righteous, too, it was—overthrow of the man who he had previously lauded. He has paid the righteous forfeit, and it admonishes me that it will not do, when the great interests of the country are at stake, to trust in any one man. No. You must trust only to yourselves. First find out what is right, then pursue it—not putting your trust in Princes, nor in Generals. (Applause.

Fellow citizens! the friends who have preceded me, have alluded, with great propriety and felicity of language and thought, to the extraordinary circumstances under which we have convened, to the fact occurring now for the first time in our political history, of a Convention assembled from seventeen States in the Union, and the capital—coming thousands of miles, and doing as they do and have done heretofore, oftentimes in serious and most exciting conflicts, to open questions of great magnitude yet forgetting all their differences, and bringing together a congregation of free hearts and free minds, for the purpose of deliberating upon one of the greatest questions which has been submitted to the American people since we have been a nation. And it is, indeed, a spectacle as sublime and exhilerating, as it is noble and extraordinary.

Here we are, old actors upon the political boards. I barely allude to my actions, merely to say that I am not here to undo, or to unsay, anything that I have ever before done or said. Not that I am infallible. I am a man, with the errors of a man. With regard to the political errors that I have committed, I will say that they were not errors of the heart, but errors of the head, and I am very free to say that now, that a new question has come up in which I, as an humble American citizen, am required to deliberate and act, I have tried to meet that question, with a just sense of my responsibility to my fellow men, and to Him who is the judge that sitteth upon the Throne, and shall weigh all the actions of men—the question whether freedom shall be abolished in four or five hundred thousand square miles of free territory and [illegible]nt the curse of human slavery in those square [illegible] not.

[illegible] may I—how are the old democrats—I wish every democrat in the Union who has resolved to go for Gen. Cass was here, not that I could alter their determination, but I wish they were here to answer this question. How are we democrats, who profess to take Thomas Jefferson for our guide—how are we to meet this question? I will tell where I sought instruction to enable me to answer it. I went first to the Declaration of Independence, for that is the starting point. It was formed by those who pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors—and these pledges meant something in '76—and I find it begins with this great foundation truth—that all men are born with certain rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. And then I look to that other great charter of human liberty as well as Divine freedom—to the Bible—and I find that of one blood hath God created all the nations of the earth. (Great applause.

How can any reasoning in '48 from any mind, however powerful or acute—for I am not a man to disrespect John C. Calhoun, even for that mad act of Nullification, for the errors of a man of genius are sacred to him who has a mind to appreciate and enjoy its lightning action—can any reasoning of Mr. Calhoun, or any of his imitators, or repeaters, or of his northern—what shall I call them? [Toadies, doughfaces, Lickspittles.] Can any of them convince me that the Declaration of Independence sets out with a falsehood and the Bible not true? How absurd! How ridiculous! Why, as well might the Southern Slaveholders attempt to repeat the miracle of Joshua, and command the sun to stand still in the heavens, or to roll back with their puny arms Niagara's mighty flood as to stop the outworking of these principles. These men do great injustice to themselves as well as to the great ones of the people of the South to suppose that they can make any body of men believe that these are not of the first of the truths in the political economy of our land.

Then I passed to the Constitution of the United States. I am told that there are a great many compromises in that instrument, and so there are, for it was a work of compromise. But how was it made? Did a body of people attempt to get together at the close of a week of July, and attempt to patch up a compromise and act upon it in such hot haste that had it not been for the Magnetic Telegraph, which appears to have been providentially given us for the express purpose of defeating this compromise—they would have passed it before the people could have had their plot. Was that the way they made compromises in that day? No, it took about three years, perhaps four, of discussion in the Southern States, before they could get a convention of [illegible]cles of confederation could be amended. After the articles had been thus discussed before they were prepared to be submitted to the Convention, the Convention itself was in session from May to September, and there were such men as Washington, Adams and Franklin, in that Convention, and they spent several months in the deliberation and then settled upon an instrument containing certain compromises, which they submitted to the several States as an instrument of Government. And it did not go into effect till after it had been placed before the people and they spent nearly the whole of the next year in discussing it. It then came before the State Conventions, and some of these Conventions were three or four months in session, and it finally went into effect with only ten States. I now remind you of this, for I understand that our members of Congress are now hatching a new compromise.

The Missouri compromise also was before the people several years, and it went over from one Congress to another, so that the final bill, containing what is called the Missouri Compromise, was not passed till after an election had been held and the people thus had an opportunity, indirectly, to express their sentiments upon the question. And, therefore, I say to our national legislators, that before they attempt to pass another compromise, they will wait and let the people express their opinions next November, and enable every man to say whether or not it is Christianlike and becoming a free people to abolish Freedom in Mexico and California, and plant Slavery there, and in the name of all that is right and just and true, if they would not make our name a hissing and a bye word throughout the earth, let this Congress withold their hands from the passage of such an act, and especially, let the House of Representatives adhere to the position they have taken, and lay the bill on the table, not only by a majority of 15, but by three times 15. (Applause.)

There is another point which I wish you to observe. This compromise bill would have shuffled this matter off upon the Supreme Court. The Constitution says the Congress of the United States, not the Supreme Court, nor any other judicial tribunal, however learned it may be, shall have power to make laws regulating territories.

Well, now, here are three territories, Oregon, New Mexico and California. Well, now, they wont give the people of Oregon a Government. Why? Because no part of it lies below 36 deg. 40 min. No, it lies four or five degrees above and most of it in 42 deg. Why then? Why because Southern men say they won't vote for any President of the United States, unless he is in favour of allowing Slavery South of 36 deg. 30 min. and therefore, although all Oregon lies North of 42 deg. they will not pass a law giving a Government to Oregon unless, *pari passu* you will pass a law authorizing Slavery in the territory South of 36 deg. 30 min. These territories are not on the footing of the old territories, and when they put the question to us will you help abolish Freedom there and plant Slavery in its stead? we of the New York Democracy said no. We have never been blamed for not going far enough with you, but we have often been blamed for going too far; and fellow citizens if you allow the federal Government to take one step forward to abolish Freedom and establish Slavery in the territory acquired by unrighteous war, you become parties to the enormity, and the guilt rests upon every soul that takes part in it.

My old friend Thomas Ritchie says, that my mind must be overset, but it is one fortunate circumstance of such an event that the man who is so overset thinks he is right, and is happy in the thought. (Applause.) And I declare to you that I never slept so soundly, nor enjoyed such an appetite, nor had more pleasant dreams than since I threw myself into this movement. (Applause. Mr. Ritchie said it could not be that I was to address the Barnburners' meeting in the Park, because my relations to the party would not admit of it. (Laughter.

I hold office under the Government which I got in the following way: Mr. Polk offered me a seat in the Cabinet, which I declined. A short time afterwards, Mr. Polk in conversation with a Senator from New York remarked, that he had offered a seat in his Cabinet to a gentleman who had declined, as he preferred to follow his profession, and suggested that he would accept the appointment to an office which he held for a few years under Mr. Van Buren. I think I have a right to make this statement. The part I took in the Baltimore Convention demands that I should make it. (Yes, yes, go on.) Mr. Dix informed me of Mr. Polk's remark, and urged various reasons why I had better accept the appointment to the office I now hold, U. S. Attorney for the Southern District of New York. I replied to Mr. Dix that he might inform Mr. Polk that if he had not made other arrangements, that if he would not have to make any changes even of determination, that I would accept the appointment. And this is the way I came into office, and when I saw that article in the *Washington Union* concerning me, a free citizen of the free State of New York, I felt no wish to have been born in Virginia. (Applause.) I could not have spoken as calmly as I did on that occasion had I seen that article before I went to the meeting.

Mr. Bright, of Indiana, heaven save the mark, the State of New York had the misfortune to be his birth place, said "if Mr. Polk dont turn you out of office there will be trouble." I said they shall not have the pretence of neglect of official duties to turn me out, and therefore I will not go out of the State of New York till I am turned out of office. (I hope you will soon be turned out,) but every moment that I can spare I shall devote to this cause. (Applause.)

Fellow citizens, the question now before us is a question of greater importance than any other that is now before the country or the world. The oppressed and down trodden of the old world look to this country for homes, and if we allow Slavery to be introduced into the territories of the South and West, these people can never find a home there. Free labour cannot exist where Slavery holds sway, and thus you see that this question embraces the interests of myriads that are to come after us, on both sides of the Atlantic. And, fellow citizens, of every kind, feeling the full importance of this question, I am with you to the victory. (Great applause.)

After the conclusion of Mr. Butler's remarks, he said that after having listened to several speakers, the Convention would doubtless be glad of some variety. He understood that the Hutchinson family were in the assembly, and he suggested that they should be called upon for a song. The announcement was received with enthusiastic applause, and Mr. Jesse Hutchinson came forward and stated that he was the only member of the Hutchinson family in the city, but with the aid of some volunteers he would attempt to give the Convention a song.

In company with three others, he then came forward, and sung a song, which was rapturously received, amid the repeated cheers and laughter of the whole audience.

The Convention then adjourned until to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock.

SECOND DAY.

We omit some brief speeches made at the opening of the session, and the preliminary proceedings.

Mr. Birkshire, of Virginia, came forward. He would say that Virginia, at that moment, was alive with barnburners. He had come here to have his say in what might be said here to-day. He came up with his bands untied—free to go for any man who should be nominated by this Convention. He thought this was the greatest crowd that he had ever seen. When he came to look upon the lake at Conneaut, and saw its upheaving waves—and when he saw upon the lake shore yonder such a vast crowd; he was ravished. He came here with his credentials. He published an Anti Slavery paper in Virginia called the Crisis. And he would say that there were barnburners in old Virginia, who were in favour of coming up to burn up these old barns rats and all.

Judge Nye—He exhausted himself yesterday and could not say much to-day. His heart overflowed yesterday with the proud and sublime spectacle presented to his view, and the current that flowed in his veins, then, had not diminished, but had gone on necessarily from hour to hour. Fellow citizens, were I not supported by the sustaining considerations that your feelings are consonant with my own, I should not feel able to address you. Massachusetts has been heard; Ohio has been heard; Virginia has been heard; and for a moment let the Empire State be heard through her poorest and most unworthy representative in this convention.

He had been denounced as a disorganizer of the democratic party, to which he had ever been proud to belong. And when the few men assembled last fall at Herkimer that tenth legion of democracy—they adopted a new system of masterly inactivity towards the candidates nominated by the conservatives of this state—who, to his certain knowledge, had never been heard of since, but were lost in the noise and confusion which surrounded them. But the scene is now changed. That system of masterly inactivity had been thrown off, and a system of active operations adopted. And when he looked around upon what remained of the old Democratic party opposed to this movement, he felt in all the sincerity of his heart, to inquire with Ezekiel of old: "can these dry bones live?" From this little beginning this work had gone forward until 150,000—yea 200,000 of the democracy of this State, were now rallied under this banner.

With all defference to the opinions of gentlemen from Massachusetts and Ohio, he contended that the barnburners of New York, were entitled to be considered as the [illegible] son of him who the gentleman from Ohio, had denominated a little better than his father. The great principles of free soil were first put forth by John Van Buren, with firmness and directness which brought down upon his devoted head, the denunciations of all the conservative press with which the State is cursed, and he was pursued, day after day—year after year with all the fury, which conservatives know so well how to employ.

He remarked yesterday, and he repeated, that he came here upon this altar and under this pavillion, to lay down all asperities toward individuals. There should be no looking back in this matter—but forward to the glorious future. Remember Lot's wife. There is no reason why we should not harmonise. There is every reason why we should. We have to battle with a common enemy.—Let me tell you one thing. The South will not vote for Lewis Cass. And the North—(oh we have done talking about that man said one in the crowd). And let me tell Buffalonians, that the South will not vote for William Fillmore, Ephraim, (Ichabod, some one corrected him) is written on his wall, unless he bows to Slavery. If ever he is to be Vice President, it will be as a free soil man. The South will vote for Butler. Already have Louisiana and South Carolina dropped Mr. Fillmore—they will have none of him, he would advise him if he ever wishes to be Vice President, to come here and ask a nomination of this Convention. But this he could not do—he was joined to his idols let him alone.

But we are told, fellow citizens, that we are raising up a sectional party. This he denied. This issue was forced upon us by the South.—Her representatives had come up to Baltimore, with pledges to support no man who was in favour of the Wilmot Proviso. And were we so doughfaced—had we so much of a waxen nose as to be moulded to their views and purposes. He respected the South, and this glorious principle of freedom was doing more—much more for the South than it was for us. It was the great panacea for which the South had so long been endeavouring to discover. But he was told by the temporary chairman of the Baltimore Convention, Judge Bryce, that if this agitation took root, it would dissolve the Union. He replied if such was the case, he reckoned it was pretty considerably dissolved now, for he knew of roots which extended not only through the State of New York, but reaching under Lake Erie far into the heart of the State of Ohio—There is no danger of dissolving the Union. He heard these threats in his childhood, and they had become unmeaning and stale. He told Judge Bryce, that they might as well attempt to retain a flock of wild geese, as to keep their niggers on the borders of the Rio Grande, and along the line not unaptly denominated by his friend from Virginia, Mason and *Dickinson's* line, and other flocks of wild geese would be on the wing. He thought the addition of one syllable a most appropriate one. And the remainder of the "coloured gentlemen" would chase you back into the Union in a hurry at the point of the bayonet. He would as soon think of the Madison County being dissolved by her paupers, as this Union by the slave holders of the South.

[Mr. N. concluded with a very beautiful and appropriate anathema against any one who would attempt or countenance in any form or manner, a dissolution of the Union.]

The President said that as evidence of the strong interest which was manifested in the proceedings of the convention, he had just had placed in his hands the following telegraphic communication.

Exhibit one issue—one front—one nomination—courage—enthusiasm—anticipate victory.

WILLIAM WILSON,
Pastor of the Church of Covenanters.
CINCINNATI, 10th August.

Robert Wilson, of Michigan, next took the stand.

He said, that he hailed from the little State of Michigan—where the Baltimore Conventions' nominee resides. There are some few of us, about 300 from that state among you. He should not take up a moment of time to satisfy the Convention that the cause was a good one. He came here to tell them that he was one of the instruments in the Baltimore Convention in 1844, who were induced by the same power which nominated General Cass in 1848, to believe that if Mr. VAN BUREN was nominated the party would fail, and with the party would fail the great principles which were involved in the issue. He came here to atone *for* what he had there done—to atone for the wrong done to MARTIN VAN BUREN. (Immense applause.) When he was made to believe the instrumentality—and he was about to tell what those means were—which induced the delegates of the North to abandon Mr. Van Buren. These were the means: Almost every Slave State preferred Mr. Van Buren to Lewis Cass—not that Martin Van Buren had deserted the principles of the party, but that if he were nominated, he would certainly be defeated—that they could not carry the South for him.

It was the watchword of the two old political parties that we should break up in a row—that a Convention composed of such varied elements could not coalesce—could not agree upon any platform of common and harmonious action. This result, so devoutly wished by them, he was assured from the manifestations already witnessed from this great multitude, that they would be disappointed.

What man was best calculated to carry out the principles of this Convention—(There was a pretty general response John P. Hale.) The speaker attempted to put in a word in favour of the radicals of the State, and their candidate, but was interrupted by the cries of "no special pleading." He then asked, who would bring up a man who could assure the thirty-six votes of New York. Such an one he would welcome—would embrace—be he whom he might.

In regard to Michigan, he would say that although the nominee of the Baltimore Convention had nearly all of the Democratic papers under his control, yet among the people there was a feeling deep and strong, of opposition to the spirit which had forced upon the country a candidate subservient to slaveholding power. It was a feeling which would grow stronger and deeper, until November, when General Cass would hear a greater noise and confusion than prevented him from being heard at Cleveland. Let us go then—on with one mind—with one purpose—with a candidate representing our principles—true, tried and faithful, and the grave of the old political parties is prepared to receive them as they shall fall before the effective blows of freemen given through the ballot box in the great contest for truth, and right and liberty which is rapidly approaching—nay, is even now upon us.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Mr. Giddings was loudly called for, and came forward and addressed the convention as follows:

My friends and fellow-citizens. I was remarking this morning on the circumstances of the Whig party in 1844. I speak of that party because I have a right to speak of it, and I give my friends to understand, that for ten years I have represented and enjoyed the confidence of the *strongest Whig district in the United States.* I have been elected from it and have received the cordial approbation of my constituents.

In '44 I was in favour of Henry Clay, and I say to you who were Whigs then, we stand where we stood then, opposed to the extension of that institution which has so long obstructed the prosperity of the country. We stand on that ground, and because we stand there we refuse to go for Gen. Taylor. In '44 Henry Clay wrote a letter, expressly stating his position on the subject of Slavery extension. History will hand it down to after time, that in that campaign he based his position upon just such a platform as this adopted here to day. He explicitly denied the right of the Federal Government to interfere with Slavery, and declared that *its existence must depend upon the power and authority of the States in which it was situated.* The supporters of Taylor cannot extort from him such a declaration as this of Henry Clay!

I said that history would hand down the noble position of Henry Clay; the same history will carry down the truth, that the Whigs who support Taylor have deserted the principles they then professed. Now I will tell you another thing; I am not waiting for these Taylor men to make war upon me, I will make war upon them (cheers), and commence it. I will carry this war into Africa! I say that the record of truth will show that they have departed from their former faith, and that it is, because we maintain our former position, that they are against us now. The Whigs see now the importance of standing where their leader stood in '44. The same power that put Henry Clay down in '48, put Martin Van Buren down in '44—the slave power struck his name from the roll of candidates for the Presidency. I rejoice to-day that Van Buren dares to assert those principles for which he was then ostracised. The man whom I have opposed so long now occupies the same ground that I have for years maintained. Fellow-citizens, in the campaign of '44, on every stump in the country, the Whigs proclaimed their opposition to the war and to the admission of Texas. We pointed the people to the blood of their fellow citizens fattening the soil and their bones bleaching upon the plains of Mexico. We described the mourning and lamentation which would spread over the land for our lost sons and husbands and brothers, who would fall in this unjust war. When we came into Congress at the ensuing session, the question was put to us whether we would extend Slavery? Who deserted our principles then? *Was it me?* (Loud responses—no! no! it not you.)" It was Southern Whigs—slaveholding Whigs. I say I do not wait for them to make war upon me—they voted for Texas, and they have abandoned [illegible] opposition to the war, and I declare to those Whigs who are supporting Zachary Taylor, you have abandoned and deserted your principles of '44. True, you stood by your positions [illegible] supported Henry Clay, but you are now upholding an extension of Slavery, [illegible] inhumanity. But it is said by some that Taylor is opposed to the farther extension of Slavery! They say that a gentleman in Massachusetts (Abbot Lawrence) has received a letter from the General to that effect, that he is a Whig and is opposed to the extension of Slavery. I will tell you about another letter, written by Col. Boone to the Hon. Jacob Thompson, member of Congress from Mississippi. I have the word of Mr. Thompson for saying that Col. Boone's integrity was never doubted and never will be denied. He said to me that I was at full liberty to say that he (Mr. Thompson) fully endorsed him as a man of truth and unsullied honour. It will be remembered that Col. Boone was one of a committee of five deputed by the Legislature of Mississippi to invite Gen. Taylor to visit that body. The conversation detailed in the letter was had in the presence of that committee, two of whom were Whigs. These Whigs having seen the letter in print, have suffered it to pass as true and correct. Col. Boone says in the letter, that Gen. Taylor expressed himself in favour of the war and of prosecuting it until we could obtain territorial indemnity, and that the South ought never to submit to the Wilmot Proviso. Do you believe this? I know you will admit its correctness. While Gen. Taylor, nor his Whig friends who were present and heard the remarks, dare not deny its accuracy, you will give credit to Col. Boone's statement. And if any Taylor men undertake to say that he is opposed to the extension of Slavery, just ask them to get Gen. Taylor's denial or the denial of his friends, of the statement of this letter.

'Fellow citizens, I know that I am trespassing upon your time. (Cries of go on, go on.) I find that my voice is again failing, and that I shall be unable to follow out any connected train of remarks. I am sorry to say there has been a geographical distinction between Whigs and Democrats from time immemorial. Southern Democrats have been opposed to Northern Democrats, and Southern Whigs to Northern Whigs. (Here Mr. G. was interrupted by a band of music as it passed through the crowd.) I like that music—our friend Hutchinson has been giving us some that was cheering—but I do not like *one* instrument there, the *drum* The drum is discordant in a moral warfare like this. The friends of peace appeal to the heart and reason—to the sober judgment. Our appeals are to the CONSCIENCE. The *drum* seems calculated for the field of hateful strife, the din of battle, the charge of deadly conflict. We can fire the moral heart, wherein it is thought to imprison our consciences, with other appliances, as is emblematically exhibited on the canvass before us. (Applause.)

I only wish to say a word more. Fellow citizens, I feel that the consummation of our work draws nigh. When I heard the platform erected here to-day, and when I look back upon what has been done within a few years, I feel inspirited and encouraged—I feel that our labours have not been lost. The attention of mankind has been drawn to the question of Slavery, to its encroachments upon the rights of FREEMEN as well as of others. But, my friends, my voice is again broken. I am surprised at this, as it never failed until yesterday. I again repeat the expression of my gratification at hearing and witnessing what I have heard and seen to-day. Would to God I had the power to transport the House of Representatives from Washington to this scene to contemplate the moral sublimity of a mighty people rising in the support of the rights of humanity. Could I do this—could they have been here to-day—there would be no "Compromise" bill passed at this or any future session of Congress. Why, fellow citizens, it must be within your recollection that for declaring that *Congress had no power to involve the people of the Free States in the support of a coastwise slave trade*, I WAS EXPELLED FROM CONGRESS, only six years since. Let the transactions of this day go forth to the country, and be sent out through the whole land, and especially to the ears of Congressmen who are continually legislating for the benefit of Slavery and of the slave power, and they will cease thus to violate the Constitution and disgrace the freemen of our land. I feel that the crisis has just past—that the great obstacle has been surmounted. We have erected a POLITICAL PLATFORM to-day, by which your Representatives in Congress will learn what to do in future. One thing more. It is a fact that at this very moment arrangements are being made, and the energies of the Federal Government put forth *to bring into this Union the island of CUBA!!!* Cuba, with all her Slavery. (Loud cries of Never, never.) It is not at this moment susceptible of legal demonstration, but it is well understood that this is the case. Will you receive it? (No, no.) Will you consent to go into Union with the slaveholders of this Spanish island, in order to strengthen Slavery? To perpetuate its power? To give those Spanish slaveholders power over your rights and interests in proportion to the number of their slaves, counting five slaves equal to three of the freemen present here to-day? I do not believe it will be brought in, but before Heaven I believe that James K. Polk is now endeavouring to se-

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Selections.

THE BUFFALO CONVENTION.

We published in the last number of the *Standard*, the proceedings of the Buffalo Convention so far as they related to its business—its Nominations, Platform, and list of officers. We are confident that we can lay before our readers at this time, nothing of more interest and importance than a report of the speeches made on that occasion. We copy from Mr. Dyer's Phonographic Report, such speeches as are longest and apparently best reported, and as will convey to the reader a clear idea of the tone and character of the Convention.

MR. ADAMS'S SPEECH.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—It is a matter of deep and heartfelt gratitude to me that I have been selected as an unworthy instrument to preside over the deliberations of this great body. I would apologize for my unfitness were it not that I see in the multitude of speaking faces before me, and feel in the mass of beating hearts around me some guaranty that you will all contribute to make my labours light.

Fellow citizens, you have all assembled here to-day out of pure devotion to a principle. That principle, clothed as it has been in technical terms which do not express the idea, has yet rallied to its support the multitudes that I see before me. This gives me an assurance of the intelligence and virtue of the people—which I never doubted—and without any necessity for long reasoning on the subject; without the need of those elucidations which are so often demanded in public affairs. No, when they heard the words of the Wilmot Proviso their instincts told them that Human Liberty was in danger, and the answer that they have given to it is, that they are here. [Applause.] I have been told, fellow citizens, by those who do not sympathize in this glorious movement, that the Wilmot Proviso is, after all, nothing but an abstraction.—[Laughter.] Well, to a certain extent I am willing to admit that it is an abstraction. I am willing to say what it is not. It is not bread and butter. It is not roast beef and two dollars a-day. [Laughter.] It is not a nice provision under government as a reward for party services. No, the Wilmot Proviso rises above all these considerations. It is an abstraction, to-be-sure, and so was Magna Charta an abstraction. And so was the Declaration of Independence an abstraction. [Yes, yes. That's it.—There you have 'em.] So is the idea of right and justice and the truth of God an abstraction. And it is these abstractions that raise mankind above the brutes that perish. [Yes, yes. That's the fact.—Go it.] It is these abstractions that raise a people and carry them on to glory forever. And, fellow citizens, it is around these abstractions that we now rally in order to place our Government on a proper basis which it has deserted.

Fellow citizens, for my own part, I regard the Wilmot Proviso as covering a great deal more ground probably than you may at first imagine. I regard the Wilmot Provisions, in substance, a struggle between right and wrong. As a contest between truth and falsehood, between the principles of Liberty and the rule of Slavery. [Good, good. Hurrah.] Now, fellow citizens, is the accepted time when we all come together to note what our position is, and how far the Government has drifted from the ancient landmarks which our fathers set up.—Now is the accepted time when we are taking a new observation of the National Ship, and if we have found that she has drifted from her course, we are to try to put her back again. [Applause.] The question now before us is one, which involves the proposition whether we shall adhere to the solemn principles of the Declaration of Independence; whether we shall deduce Government from the consent of the governed; and whether we shall make this Government a system which promotes justice or which sanctions Slavery in the new territories of the West. [Yes, yes, that's the question.] Why, fellow citizens, this question rises above the mere consideration of common law. By natural law, by the law of God, no people are authorized to sow the seeds of Slavery in a rising community anywhere; and the Constitution of the United States never contemplated that we as a people should allow the creating of a system of injustice in any country which we may ever populate. Yet, it is a fact, fellow citizens, that these solemn principles which we have supposed to have been established for seventy years, are now called in question in the high places of the Union. They have not only been called abstractions, but they have been declared to be actually false. It is highly incumbent upon us, therefore, if we mean really to stand by what our fathers told us; if we mean to sympathize with the principles of Locke, and stand by the martyrdom of Hampden and Sydney, it is necessary to withstand the efforts of those who would carry us back two hundred years, and place us under the tyranny of the principles advocated by the old English philosophers, Hobbes and other writers of the times.

Fellow citizens, I firmly believe the world is about to know, whether we are the devoted sons of Liberty, or whether we are going to give up the whole of this great Western continent to the rule of those who do not acknowledge our principles, but denounce them. Fellow citizens, we are obliged, under a necessity which we cannot resist, to denounce the organizations of the old parties as no longer worthy of the confidence of a free people. (Applause.) They have met, and they have shown by their action that they have no system of policy, excepting that which consists in fighting with each other in the endeavour to get place as the prize of the struggle. (That's it, good, you hit 'em there.) They are united, however, in one thing, and that is to put down the principle of liberty which is rising in this continent. Fellow citizens, we know the result of these bodies, and now that we have seen and understand what it is that they are contending for, let us go forward and show our fellow citizens what a different spectacle is exhibited by those who, looking first upon a solemn principle, are agreed upon that, and then turning their shoulders to the wheel see how it shall be carried out. (Cheers.) And, fellow citizens, we may claim to be of those who, although they may desire to command success, yet, do not mean to forget that, in the event of success, they mean to carry their principles with them.—(Great applause.)

But, fellow citizens, the eyes of the whole country are upon our action this day, and there are many ill-disposed persons who are greedily looking for some manifestation of distraction, and dissension and division, which shall succeed in defeating, as far as any human power can defeat it, the success of our movement. Looking at the results of their own Conventions, in which they have presented the mortifying spectacle of nothing but division, they do really suppose that we, who come here, are in just the same position. (Laughter, they are decidedly verdant.) They do not understand the difference between them and us yet. (No, no, they soon will, though.) They do not understand that they are fighting only for expediency, and are expecting nothing but place. (Ha, ha, ha, a good hit.) But here have we come together with an anxious and an earnest desire to mark out the way in which we shall arrive at truth, and when once it shall have been presented to us, not to quarrel, but unite together in its support. (Great applause.) They do not understand that we come here and say, "set up your standard of Freedom and Truth, everything for the cause and nothing for men." (Tremendous and long continued applause.) Let your deliberations then proceed, and may the Divine blessing rest upon the result, so that we may take one step forward to realize that great idea of our forefathers, the model of a Christian commonwealth.

Mr. Adams took his seat amidst the most enthusiastic and long continued applause.

MR. CULVER'S SPEECH.

GENTLEMEN:—I have lungs like a double bound, high pressure steam engine. [Ha, ha, ha.] I will make you all hear just like a knife. [Ha, ha, ha.] Mr. Butler will speak after I get through. It is always customary where I live to put the young steers first and let the old oxen come behind. [Ha, ha, ha, what a fellow he is, go it Culver.]

Fellow citizens, you have come up here from all parts of the country to signify your love of Liberty and hatred of Oppression. I consider this the sublimest spectacle my eyes ever rested on. I attended at Tippecanoe in 1840. I thought I saw faces there. I thought no man could number them, but they were nothing compared to this ocean of heads. [Laughter.] This immense concourse shows me that there is something at the bottom of this matter at work. What is it that has brought little Rhode Island, that little State which sets out in the sea, up here to-day to strike hands with Iowa? What has brought Virginia up here, that State of moonlight cotton bag abstractions? [Ha, ha, ha. He's one of 'em.] What has brought Ohio here, our elder sister, too old to have children, although she has several thousands here to-day, who are alive and kicking? [Ha, ha, hoo.] Gentlemen, I am just like a Connecticut beer barrel, and have wanted vent the whole day. [Great merriment.] What, gentleman, is the one bond that has tied us together? Have you ever seen that gushing up in the old parties that links us together? [No, no.] What is that bond? Why, fellow citizens, we have seen down at the South a principle growing up and strengthening for fifty years. We thought it would grow weaker, but it has been continually rising up and growing stronger and stronger, till at last it threatens to overwhelm us all. But we will not have our necks ground down, and this is what is rousing us up.

Fellow citizens, what is the glorious issue now at stake? It is something tangible. We have talked heretofore of Banks, Sub-Treasuries, and Tariffs, but now we have got hold of something tangible. Have you not seen that the slaveholders have always fashioned our movements?—When they said bank, we had a bank. Even Calhoun could go for it then. If they said Tariff, we had Tariff. And if they said no Tariff, the Tariff was gone in a twinkling. When the factories were all going, and the factory girls making lots of money, and our farmers making money, and everything going on prosperously here at the North, the slaveholders said we must stop this. Those Yankees are going on too fast. They are becoming too rich and powerful, and they brushed away your prosperity as a housewife brushes a cobweb from the ceiling of a room. [That's a fact. Yes, yes.] Why can we not have our rivers and harbours improved? Because the South want the money to pay for a war down in Mexico, and to get slaves there. I have had a little experience in this matter. I was one of the immortal "fourteen" that voted against the war. I voted against Texas when that base scheme was brought in, and the previous question called, so that one hundred young members were not allowed a word of debate. Three Democrats then stood by my side. Bradford Wood, of Albany, Horace Wheaton and Preston King, who don't fear either fire or thunder. [Applause.] When I asked King why he opposed the annexation, he laid his hand upon his heart, and said, I can never consent that the South shall acquire another *inch* of slave territory. [Great applause.] A few days after I got the floor, and then I lashed them with what I would have said on the day Texas was admitted. I had heard they were about to heat up the political furnace for the benefit of my three Democratic friends, and told them that in old times three good men and true who would not bow down to the idols of their master, were cast into a furnace seven times heated, but that they did not get scorched half as badly as did they who threw them in. [Applause.]

I wish to say a word about compromises, now I stand upon middle ground. I know all about Anti-Slavery. Now there is that portion of our party, and the Whig portion, and the Democratic portion, and we may not all think to set our stakes at the same notch. Now it is important that we start out on some good ground and go it strong as thunder as far as we go. [Good, good.] Only get them on the track, and the South will make these men all consistent by and by. There is a class of men, and I honour them, who say we must look out for the guaranties of the Constitution.—I have heard men talk as though the Constitution was got up for the express purpose of maintaining Slavery. John C. Calhoun said that Slavery was the only kind of property guaranteed by the Constitution, and he never blushed but said it with all the *sang froid* of a Connecticut schoolmaster.

Now the Constitution does not say a word about slaves. The honourable men that made that instrument remembered that when, twelve years before, at the opening of the Revolution, they stuck their stakes and stuck them strong, it was necessary to have the sympathy of all the world, and they struck out a charter containing certain great landmarks of which they were proud, and it was a Virginia hand that drew it up, and they recollected that in the platform thus laid down were principles quite inconsistent with the existence of Slavery in this land. But now you hear them talk about the compromises of the Constitution. Where do you find them? Nowhere. A Virginian thinks the Constitution is a great jug with the handle all on the Southern side. And when you ask them to look at the handle of jug to see if there are not some guaranties there, they raise the cry of interference or dissolution of the Union. But thank God we have guaranties there. A free press and the right of petition.—And how did they abide by these guaranties when that venerable old man who has lately gone to his eternal rest presented a petition to the House of Representatives which had been sent up to him by a portion of the people of this country? Why they attempted to crush him, to thrust him from that House. But the old man stood firm, and how did our hearts beat as we anxiously waited for the mails to bring us the tidings from the Capital, that we might learn whether the waves of Southern hate had overwhelmed him. But that old man triumphed gloriously and sent those Southern hounds crouching and trembling back to their kennels. [Applause.] And how did the South support the guaranties when my friend from Ohio presented his memorable petition? Why, they sent him home, and I say in the presence of that man's constituency, I have longed to see your faces.—You who in the dead of winter rolled up a majority of 3,000, put his credentials in his hand and sent the great six-footer back to torment the sensitive Southrons.

They told us we should have "freedom of the press," and do you remember that 11 or 12 years ago a New England man went down among them to establish a free press, and that they attacked him, violated the sanctity of his home, and cast his press into the river? Did they say anything about the "guaranties" then? No—they sent four bullets and lodged them in his breast. They murdered him, and what stamps this nation, with everlasting infamy, those men still go unwhipt of justice, and the murdered man has scarcely received an honourable grave. But let him alone. He will sleep but a little longer ere his resting place shall be marked by a monument to FREEDOM. [Applause.]

I challenge Slavery for another thing. They talk about the guaranties of the Constitution. Do they wish to establish Slavery in Southern States so as to break the balance of power? We will stand by the Jefferson Ordinance. Gentlemen, go down South and see the condition of the country. As you travel along you will see the works of Slavery. A worn out soil, dilapidated fences and tenements, and an air of general desolation. But by and by you come before a neat white house with good fences, and the grounds wearing the air of fertility and prosperity. Who lives there? A Quaker from New York. You see another similar estate. Who lives there? A Yankee from Connecticut. And now do you want this land-desolating and prosperity killing institution spread over California and New Mexico? [No, no, no.]

I recollect a subject that illustrates in a measure the spirit of the South upon all questions. It is petition day in Congress. A gentleman from South Carolina presents a petition to "take the fetters off of home labour." The petition is passed right along. I feel encouraged. I was green then. [Ha, ha, ha.] I present a petition that Congress shall, as far as it has power, remove the institution of Slavery. Immediately a dozen of members move to lay it on the table, and it is laid on the table in a twinkling. There was but little difference in the two petitions. The Southern member's was to remove the fetters from *home labour*, and mine was to remove the fetters from *home labourers*. I felt like the green Yankee who went to work for the old deacon. They used to place a pitcher by his plate which contained nothing but water, while all the rest of the family used the contents of a huge pitcher which sat in the middle of the table. One day our Yankee friend boldly seized said pitcher and taking a hearty swig therefrom found it to contain the best kind of cider. The deacon, very much astonished, asked the young man "where he was brought up?" "Where all fared alike, by G—d," replied he. (Great Laughter.) I came from a country where all fared alike, and I thought my petition should have been granted as well as the other.

Do you remember, my friends, when Massachusetts sent out a gentleman to South Carolina to look after the protection of her citizens visiting that State? The Governor sent a message to the Legislature and the Legislature ordered the gentleman to leave instanter. He refused. A mob was raised, and, at length, rather than jeopardize the life of his daughter, who was in feeble health, he chose to return to his home. The Legislature of his State got up some solemn joint resolutions and sent them to Congress. I remember when that old man, the oldest member of the House, presented them. They were sent to the table and Massachusetts was disgraced. The old man said with emphasis, Massachusetts will not always submit to this. [Shame, shame.] Why is this? Had an eminent man come up from the South to Massachusetts, would the people have driven him out? No, they would have given him a considerable kind of good usage, they would have taken him home to their houses and kinder argued the matter with him. [Laughter.] I told them once in Congress that they could not bear the light.

Now gentlemen, I say check Slavery where it is, and then I will show you a man that will go still farther. We have never guarantied that Slavery shall rest on that 50 square miles yet. [No, no, no.] When my constituents sent me to Congress, I told them plainly just what I meant to do. I said as long as there is a loophole through which I can fire on this abominable old institution, I shall fire away. [Good, good.] Now I mean to be aggressive in this matter. [Good, go it.] The cry is that it is unconstitutional, you can't prevent us going there and having our slaves there. Why suppose California had all the laws in all the States and all in operation at the same time. Suppose the laws of Polygamy were in force in Texas as they sometimes practically are, [Ha, ha, ha.] and it was punished as a crime in Mississippi. Why you would have to have a law in California for and against Polygamy. What a ridiculous farce is this, then, of talking about extending the laws of ones own State over this territory.

Friends, we must unite. I have been a Whig for some time, and I greased Gen. Taylor and tried for a long time to swallow him, but after all I could [illegible] and there he sticks. [Laughter.] I cannot get him down. [illegible] then.] Well, I am afraid he will tear up my throat if I do. I shall go for the nominee of this Convention. [Applause.] We must unite and take up the glove where the South throw it down. We will draw a line. Stop, says the South, or we will dissolve the Union. That is one of the richest farces ever played. Dissolve the Union. Why, I remember a hatchet-faced Virginian, whose face was so sharp that he could split an oak tree by looking at it. [Ha, ha, ha.] He came round by my seat, and said, so that I could hear it, "I have a great notion to go home to Virginia, and call a Convention to dissolve the Union." Said I you had better leave a door behind you, and take six week's provisions with you, for in less than that time your negroes will bring you back again. [Tremendous applause.] I go for putting it to them. [So do I.] Don't give sweetened water to these spunky children. Put the string on them. But, say they, do you wish to elect Cass? (No, no, no.) Nor do we wish to elect Taylor.

But, say they, if you do not elect Taylor, Cass will be elected, and out of two evils you should chose the least. But we say to them, we prefer out of *three* evils to chose the least. (Ha, ha, ha.) We must fight together. John Van Buren gave a beautiful illustration of this point, in a letter a few days since. "Suppose," said he "that at the battle of Bunker Hill, the soldiers, instead of uniting to beat back the common foe, had busied themselves in prying into all the past actions of their fellows." But they did no such thing. They forgot all past difficulties. Let us do the same. These men will come up like a book bye the bye. Remember what killed Van Buren. Remember what killed Clay. Unite and say to Taylor Whigs "come view the ground where you must shortly lie." (Enthusiastic and long continued cheering.)

MR. BUTLER'S SPEECH.

MR. BUTLER was loudly called for, and came forward and addressed the meeting as follows:

MY FRIENDS—It is, perhaps, unfortunate for me that I consented that Mr Culver should first address you, for he possesses a fund of knowledge so varied and diversified, and has so long been an actor in scenes of deep political interest, which enables him not only to instruct but to entertain and delight an audience. He can pass from grave to gay, from lively to severe, and in each transition can pursue the steady path of argument. I fellow citizens can only speak to you in words of truth and soberness. I can say nothing to delight the fancy or tickle the imagination. I am perfectly conscious however—excuse the vanity—that I can say something which will reach the *hearts* of this great audience. [Good blood.] Why am I conscious of this? Because I shall only repeat the truths—the immortal truths—which shall live forever and reform the world notwithstanding that a great but erratic genius has pronounced them false.

Fellow citizens! when the people of Paris first entered the barricades for the expulsion of the Bourbons—when they drove out Charles X., and under the lead of Layfayette—our own Layfayette—the friend of human liberty throughout the world—the friend of Washington, Adams, Jefferson and Franklin—they were obliged to ordain new principles of Government. There was one who had been a General, who had even not merely broken his sword but had shed his blood—[Ho! ha! ha!]—in defence of his country, and who, though he was a Bourbon, yet said he was a friend of liberty. He united at all events, in that movement, and when he came into the streets of Paris to put himself, with the consent of the Parisians, at the head, he proclaimed Louis Phillippe, and he was elected the first King of France.—He proclaimed henceforth the Charter granted by Louis XVIII., and which Charles X., swore to maintain, but broke his oath. Louis Philippe said that the Charter should henceforth be a truth; but notwithstanding the applause which some American Generals have bestowed upon him, he was proved to be false, and the people of France have again been obliged to raise the barricades. Their spirit has come over to us and we are carrying it forward. [Applause.]

Fellow citizens! there is point and application in the brief historic page I have brought to your recollection. It was not for calling to your minds the fulsome and hypocritical laudations of an American General that I have called your attention to it. No! If there were no other objection to General Cass than bad taste in writing his book, I could overlook it. I could even overlook the exhibition he made not creditable to any American, at the first meeting held at the capital of the United States, sympathizing with the French, he being one of the very first to rejoice over this—necessary it was undoubtedly, righteous, too, it was—overthrow of the man who he had previously lauded. He has paid the righteous forfeit, and it admonishes me that it will not do, when the great interests of the country are at stake, to trust in any one man. No. You must trust only to yourselves. First find out what is right, then pursue it—not putting your trust in Princes, nor in Generals. (Applause.)

Fellow citizens! the friends who have preceded me, have alluded, with great propriety and felicity of language and thought, to the extraordinary circumstances under which we have convened, to the fact occurring now for the first time in our political history, of a Convention assembled from seventeen States in the Union, and the capital—coming thousands of miles, and doing as they do and have done heretofore, oftentimes in serious and most exciting conflicts, to open questions of great magnitude yet forgetting all their differences, and bringing together a congregation of free hearts and free minds, for the purpose of deliberating upon one of the greatest questions which has been submitted to the American people since we have been a nation. And it is, indeed, a spectacle as sublime and exhilarating, as it is noble and extraordinary.

Here we are, old actors upon the political boards. I barely allude to my actions, merely to say that I am not here to undo, or to unsay, anything that I have ever before done or said. Not that I am infallible. I am a man, with the errors of a man. With regard to the political errors that I have committed, I will say that they were not errors of the heart, but errors of the head, and I am very free to say that now, that a new question has come up in which I, as an humble American citizen, am required to deliberate and act, I have tried to meet that question, with a just sense of my responsibility to my fellow men, and to Him who is the judge that sitteth upon the Throne, and shall weigh all the actions of men—the question whether freedom shall be abolished in four or five hundred thousand square miles of free territory and [illegible] the curse of human slavery in these square [illegible] not.

[illegible] may I—how are the old democrats—I wish every democrat in the Union who has resolved to go for Gen. Cass was here, not that I could alter their determination, but I wish they were here to answer this question, how are we democrats, who profess to take Thomas Jefferson for our guide—how are we to meet this question? I will tell where I sought instruction to enable me to answer it. I went first to the Declaration of Independence, for that is the starting point. It was formed by those who pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors—and these pledges meant something in '76—and I find it begins with this great foundation truth—that all men are born with certain rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. And then I look to that other great charter of human liberty as well as Divine freedom—to the Bible—and I find that of one blood hath God created all the nations of the earth. [Great applause.]

How can any reasoning in '48 from any mind, however powerful or acute—for I am not a man to disrespect John C. Calhoun, even for that mad act of Nullification, for the errors of a man of genius are sacred to him who has a mind to appreciate and enjoy its lightning action—can any reasoning of Mr. Calhoun, or any of his imitators, or repeaters, or of his northern—what shall I call them? [Toadies, doughfacer, Lickspittles.] Can any of them convince me that the Declaration of Independence sets out with a falsehood and the Bible not true? How absurd! How ridiculous! Why, as well might the Southern Slaveholders attempt to repeat the miracle of Joshua, and command the sun to stand still in the heavens, or to roll back with their puny arms Niagara's mighty flood as to stop the outworking of these principles. These men do great injustice to themselves as well as to the great mass of the people of the South to suppose that they can make any body of men believe that these are not of the first of the truths in the political economy of our land.

Then I passed to the Constitution of the United States. I am told that there are a great many compromises in that instrument, and so there are, for it was a work of compromise. But how was it made? Did a body of people attempt to get together at the close of a week of July, and attempt to patch up a compromise and act upon it in such hot haste that had it not been for the Magnetic Telegraph, which appears to have been providentially given us for the express purpose of defeating this compromise—they would have passed it before the people could have had their plot. Was that the way they made compromises in that day? No, it took about three years, perhaps four, of discussion in the Southern States, before they could get a convention of [illegible]cles of confederation could be amended. After the articles had been thus discussed before they were prepared to be submitted to the Convention, the Convention itself was in session from May to September, and there were such men as Washington, Adams and Franklin, in that Convention, and they spent several months in the deliberation and then settled upon an instrument containing certain compromises, which they submitted to the several States as an instrument of Government. And it did not go into effect till after it had been placed before the people and they spent nearly the whole of the next year in discussing it. It then came before the State Conventions, and some of these Conventions were three or four months in session, and it finally went into effect with only ten States. I now remind you of this, for I understand that our members of Congress are now hatching a new compromise.

The Missouri compromise also was before the people several years, and it went over from one Congress to another, so that the final bill, containing what is called the Missouri Compromise, was not passed till after an election had been held and the people thus had an opportunity, indirectly, to express their sentiments upon the question. And, therefore, I say to our national legislators, that before they attempt to pass another compromise, they will wait and let the people express their opinions next November, and enable every man to say whether or not it is Christianlike and becoming a free people to abolish Freedom in Mexico and California, and plant Slavery there, and in the name of all that is right and just and true, if they would not make our name a hissing and a bye word throughout the earth, let this Congress withold their hands from the passage of such an act, and especially, let the House of Representatives adhere to the position they have taken, and lay the bill on the table, not only by a majority of 15, but by three times 15. [Applause.]

There is another point which I wish you to observe. This compromise bill would have shuffled this matter off upon the Supreme Court. The Constitution says the Congress of the United States, not the Supreme Court, nor any other judicial tribunal, however learned it may be, shall have power to make laws regulating territories.

Well, now, here are three territories, Oregon, New Mexico and California. Well, now, they wont give the people of Oregon a Government. Why? Because no part of it lies below 36 deg. 40 min. No, it lies four or five degrees above and most of it in 42 deg. Why then? Why because Southern men say they won't vote for any President of the United States, unless he is in favour of allowing Slavery South of 36 deg. 30 min. and therefore, although all Oregon lies North of 42 deg. they will not pass a law giving a Government to Oregon unless, *pari passu* you will pass a law authorizing Slavery in the territory South of 36 deg. 30 min. These territories are not on the footing of the old territories, and when they put the question to us will you help abolish Freedom there and plant Slavery in its stead? we of the New York Democracy said no. We have never been blamed for not going far enough with you, but we have often been blamed for going too far; and fellow citizens if you allow the federal Government to take one step forward to abolish Freedom and establish Slavery in the territory acquired by unrighteous war, you become parties to the enormity, and the guilt rests upon every soul that takes part in it.

My old friend Thomas Ritchie says, that my mind must be overset, but it is one fortunate circumstance of such an event that the man who is so overset thinks he is right, and is happy in the thought. [Applause.] And I declare to you that I never slept so soundly, nor enjoyed such an appetite, nor had more pleasant dreams than since I threw myself into this movement. (Applause. Mr. Ritchie said it could not be that I was to address the Barnburners' meeting in the Park, because my relations to the party would not admit of it. (Laughter.

I hold office under the Government which I got in the following way: Mr. Polk offered me a seat in the Cabinet, which I declined. A short time afterwards, Mr. Polk in conversation with a Senator from New York remarked, that he had offered a seat in his Cabinet to a gentleman who had declined, as he preferred to follow his profession, and suggested that he would accept the appointment to an office which he held for a few years under Mr. Van Buren. I think I have a right to make this statement. The part I took in the Baltimore Convention demands that I should make it. (Yes, yes, go on.) Mr. Dix informed me of Mr. Polk's remark, and urged various reasons why I had better accept the appointment to the office I now hold, U. S. Attorney for the Southern District of New York. I replied to Mr. Dix that he might inform Mr. Polk that if he had not made other arrangements, that if he would not have to make any changes even of determination, that I would accept the appointment. And this is the way I came into office, and when I saw that article in the *Washington Union* concerning me, a free citizen of the free State of New York, I felt no wish to have been born in Virginia. (Applause.) I could not have spoken as calmly as I did on that occasion had I seen that article before I went to the meeting.

Mr. Bright, of Indiana, heaven save the mark, the State of New York had the misfortune to be his birth place, said "if Mr. Polk dont turn you out of office there will be trouble." I said they shall not have the pretence of neglect of official duties to turn me out, and therefore I will not go out of the State of New York till I am turned out of office. (I hope you will soon be turned out,) but every moment that I can spare I shall devote to this cause. (Applause.)

Fellow citizens, the question now before us is a question of greater importance than any other that is now before the country or the world. The oppressed and down trodden of the old world look to this country for homes, and if we allow Slavery to be introduced into the territories of the South and West, these people can never find a home there. Free labour cannot exist where Slavery holds sway, and thus you see that this question embraces the interests of myriads that are to come after us, on both sides of the Atlantic. And, fellow citizens, of every kind, feeling the full importance of this question, I am with you to the victory. (Great applause.)

After the conclusion of Mr. Butler's remarks, he said that after having listened to several speakers, the Convention would doubtless be glad of some variety. He understood that the Hutchinson family were in the assembly, and he suggested that they should be called upon for a song. The announcement was received with enthusiastic applause, and Mr. Jesse Hutchinson came forward and stated that he was the only member of the Hutchinson family in the city, but with the aid of some volunteers he would attempt to give the Convention a song.

In company with three others, he then came forward, and sung a song, which was rapturously received, amid the repeated cheers and laughter of the whole audience.

The Convention then adjourned until to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock.

SECOND DAY.

We omit some brief speeches made at the opening of the session, and the preliminary proceedings.

Mr. Birkshire, of Virginia, came forward. He would say that Virginia, at that moment, was alive with barnburners. He had come here to have his say in what might be said here to-day. He came up with his bonds untied—free to go for any man who should be nominated by this Convention. He thought this was the greatest crowd that he had ever seen. When he came to look upon the lake at Conneaut, and saw its upheaving waves—and when he saw upon the lake shore yonder such a vast crowd; he was ravished. He came here with his credentials. He published an Anti Slavery paper in Virginia called the Crisis. And he would say that there were barnburners in old Virginia, who were in favour of coming up to burn up these old barns rats and all.

Judge Nye—He exhausted himself yesterday and could not say much to-day. His heart overflowed yesterday with the proud and sublime spectacle presented to his view, and the current that flowed in his veins, then, had not diminished, but had gone on necessarily from hour to hour. Fellow citizens, were I not supported by the sustaining considerations that your feelings are consonant with my own, I should not feel able to address you. Massachusetts has been heard; Ohio has been heard; Virginia has been heard; and for a moment let the Empire State be heard through her poorest and most unworthy representative in this convention.

He had been denounced as a disorganizer of the democratic party, to which he had ever been proud to belong. And when the few men assembled last fall at Herkimer that tenth legion of democracy—they adopted a new system of masterly inactivity towards the candidates nominated by the conservatives of this state—who, to his certain knowledge, had never been heard of since, but were lost in the noise and confusion which surrounded them. But the scene is now changed. That system of masterly inactivity had been thrown off, and a system of active operations adopted. And when he looked around upon what remained of the old Democratic party opposed to this movement, he felt in all the sincerity of his heart, to inquire with Ezekiel of old: "can these dry bones live?" From this little beginning this work had gone forward until 150,000—yea 200,000 of the democracy of this State, were now rallied under this banner.

With all defference to the opinions of gentlemen from Massachusetts and Ohio, he contended that the barnburners of New York were entitled to be considered as the son of him who the gentleman from Ohio, had denominated a little better than his father. The great principles of free soil were first put forth by John Van Buren, with firmness and directness which brought down upon his devoted head, the denunciations of all the conservative press with which the State is cursed, and he was pursued, day after day—year after year with all the fury, which conservatives know so well how to employ.

He remarked yesterday, and he repeated, that he came here upon this altar and under this pavillion, to lay down all asperities toward individuals. There should be no looking back in this matter—but forward to the glorious future. Remember Lot's wife. There is no reason why we should not harmonise. There is every reason why we should. We have to battle with a common enemy.—Let me tell you one thing. The South will not vote for Lewis Cass. And the North—(oh we have done talking about that man said one in the crowd). And let me tell Buffalonians, that the South will not vote for William Fillmore, Ephraim, (Ichabod, some one corrected him) is written on his wall, unless he bows to Slavery. If ever he is to be Vice President, it will be as a free soil man. The South will vote for Butler. Already have Louisiana and South Carolina dropped Mr. Fillmore—they will have none of him, he would advise him if he ever wishes to be Vice President, to come here and ask a nomination of this Convention. But this he could not do—he was joined to his idols let him alone.

But we are told, fellow citizens, that we are raising up a sectional party. This he denied. This issue was forced upon us by the South.—Her representatives had come up to Baltimore, with pledges to support no man who was in favour of the Wilmot Proviso. And were we so doughfaced—had we so much of a waxen nose as to be moulded to their views and purposes. He respected the South, and this glorious principle of freedom was doing more—much more for the South than it was for us. It was the great panacea for which the South had so long been endeavouring to discover. But he was told by the temporary chairman of the Baltimore Convention, Judge Bryce, that if this agitation took root, it would dissolve the Union. He replied if such was the case, he reckoned it was pretty considerably dissolved now, for he knew of roots which extended not only through the State of New York, but reaching under Lake Erie far into the heart of the State of Ohio.—There is no danger of dissolving the Union. He heard these threats in his childhood, and they had become unmeaning and stale. He told Judge Bryce, that they might as well attempt to retain a flock of wild geese, as to keep their niggers on the borders of the Rio Grande, and along the line not unaptly denominated by his friend from Virginia, Mason and *Dickinson's* line, and other flocks of wild geese would be on the wing. He thought the addition of one syllable a most appropriate one. And the remainder of the "coloured gentlemen" would chase you back into the Union in a hurry at the point of the bayonet. He would as soon think of the Madison County being dissolved by her paupers, as this Union by the slave holders of the South.

[Mr. N. concluded with a very beautiful and appropriate anathema against any one who would attempt or countenance in any form or manner, a dissolution of the Union.]

The President said that as evidence of the strong interest which was manifested in the proceedings of the convention, he had just had placed in his hands the following telegraphic communication.

Exhibit one issue—one front—one nomination—courage—enthusiasm—anticipate victory.

WILLIAM WILSON,
Pastor of the Church of Covenanters.
CINCINNATI, 10th August.

Robert Wilson, of Michigan, next took the stand.

He said, that he hailed from the little State of Michigan—where the Baltimore Conventions' nominee resides. There are some few of us, about 300 from that state among you. He should not take up a moment of time to satisfy the Convention that the cause was a good one. He came here to tell them that he was one of the instruments in the Baltimore Convention in 1844, who were induced by the same power which nominated General Cass in 1848, to believe that if Mr. VAN BUREN was nominated the party would fail, and with the party would fail the great principles which were involved in the issue. He came here to atone for what he had there done—to atone for the wrong done to MARTIN VAN BUREN. (Immense applause.) When he was made to believe the instrumentality—and he was about to tell what those means were—which induced the delegates of the North to abandon Mr. Van Buren. These were the means: Almost every Slave State preferred Mr. Van Buren to Lewis Cass—not that Martin Van Buren had deserted the principles of the party, but that if he were nominated, he would certainly be defeated—that they could not carry the South for him.

It was the watchword of the two old political parties that we should break up in a row—that a Convention composed of such varied elements could not coalesce—could not agree upon any platform of common and harmonious action. This result, so devoutly wished by them, he was assured from the manifestations already witnessed from this great multitude, that they would be disappointed.

What man was best calculated to carry[illegible] the principles of this Convention—(There was a pretty general reponse John P. Hale.) The speaker attempted to put in a word in favour of the radicals of the State, and their candidate, but was interrupted by the cries of "no special pleading." He then asked, who would bring up a man who could assure the thirty-six votes of New York. Such an one he would welcome—would embrace—be he whom he might.

In regard to Michigan, he would say that although the nominee of the Baltimore Convention had nearly all of the Democratic papers under his control, yet among the people there was a feeling deep and strong, of opposition to the spirit which had forced upon the country a candidate subservient to slaveholding power. It was a feeling which would grow stronger and deeper, until November, when General Cass would hear a greater noise and confusion than prevented him from being heard at Cleveland. Let us go then—on with one mind—with one purpose—with a candidate representing our principles—true, tried and faithful, and the grave of the old political parties is prepared to receive them as they shall fall before the effective blows of freemen given through the ballot box in the great contest for truth, and right and liberty which is rapidly approaching—nay, is even now upon us.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Mr. Giddings was loudly called for, and came forward and addressed the convention as follows:

My friends and fellow-citizens. I was remarking this morning on the circumstances of the Whig party in 1844. I speak of that party because I have a right to speak of it, and I give my friends to understand, that for ten years I have represented and enjoyed the confidence of the *strongest Whig district in the United States*. I have been elected from it and have received the cordial approbation of my constituents.

In '44 I was in favour of Henry Clay, and I say to you who were Whigs then, we stand where we stood then, opposed to the extension of that institution which has so long obstructed the prosperity of the country. We stand on that ground, and because we stand there we refuse to go for Gen. Taylor. In '44 Henry Clay wrote a letter, expressly stating his position on the subject of Slavery extension. History will hand it down to after time, that in that campaign he based his position upon just such a platform as this adopted here to-day. He explicitly denied the right of the Federal Government to interfere with Slavery, and declared that *its existence must depend upon the power and authority of the States in which it was situated*. The supporters of Taylor cannot extort from him such a declaration as this of Henry Clay!

I said that history would hand down the noble position of Henry Clay; the same history will carry down the truth, that the Whigs who support Taylor have deserted the principles they then professed. Now I will tell you another thing; I am not waiting for these Taylor men to make war upon me, I will make war upon them (cheers), and commence it. I will carry this war into Africa! I say that the record of truth will show that they have departed from their former faith, and that it is, because we maintain our former position, that they are against us now. The Whigs see now the importance of standing where their leader stood in '44. The same power that put Henry Clay down in '48, put Martin Van Buren down in '44—the slave power struck his name from the roll of candidates for the Presidency. I rejoice to-day that Van Buren dares to assert those principles for which he was then ostracised. The man whom I have opposed so long now occupies the same ground that I have for years maintained. Fellow-citizens, in the campaign of '44, on every stump in the country, the Whigs proclaimed their opposition to the war and to the admission of Texas. We pointed the people to the blood of their fellow citizens fattening the soil and their bones bleaching upon the plains of Mexico. We described the mourning and lamentation which would spread over the land for our lost sons and husbands and brothers, who would fall in this unjust war. When we came into Congress at the ensuing session, the question was put to us whether we would extend Slavery? Who deserted our principles then? *Was it me?* (Loud responses—no! no!! not you.) It was Southern Whigs—slaveholding Whigs. I say I do not wait for them to make war upon me—they voted for Texas, and they have abandoned [illegible] opposition to the war, and I declare to those Whigs who are supporting Zachary Taylor, you have abandoned and deserted your principles of '44. True, you stood by your positions [illegible] Henry Clay, but you are now upholding an extension of Slavery, with [illegible] unanimity. But it is said by some that Taylor is opposed to the farther extension of Slavery! They say that a gentleman in Massachusetts (Abbot Lawrence) has received a letter from the General to that effect, that he is a Whig and is opposed to the extension of Slavery. I will tell you about another letter, written by Col. Boone to the Hon. Jacob Thompson, member of Congress from Mississippi. I have the word of Mr. Thompson for saying that Col. Boone's integrity was never doubted and never will be denied. He said to me that I was at full liberty to say that he (Mr. Thompson) fully endorsed him as a man of truth and unsullied honour. It will be remembered that Col. Boone was one of a committee of five deputed by the Legislature of Mississippi to invite Gen. Taylor to visit that body. The conversation detailed in the letter was had in the presence of that committee, two of whom were Whigs. These Whigs having seen the letter in print, have suffered it to pass as true and correct. Col. Boone says in the letter, that Gen. Taylor expressed himself in favour of the war and of prosecuting it until we could obtain territorial indemnity, and that the South ought never to submit to the Wilmot Proviso. Do you believe this? I know you will admit its correctness. While Gen. Taylor, nor his Whig friends who were present and heard the remarks, dare not deny its accuracy, you will give credit to Col. Boone's statement. And if any Taylor men undertake to say that he is opposed to the extension of Slavery, just ask them to get Gen. Taylor's denial or the denial of his friends, of the statement of this letter.

'Fellow citizens, I know that I am trespassing upon your time. (Cries of go on, go on.) I find that my voice is again failing, and that I shall be unable to follow out any connected train of remarks. I am sorry to say there has been a geographical distinction between Whigs and Democrats from time immemorial. Southern Democrats have been opposed to Northern Democrats, and Southern Whigs to Northern Whigs. (Here Mr. G. was interrupted by a band of music as it passed through the crowd.) I like that music—our friend Hutchinson has been giving us some that was cheering—but I do not like one instrument there, the *drum*. The drum is discordant in a moral warfare like this. The friends of peace appeal to the heart and reason—to the sober judgement. Our appeals are to the CONSCIENCE. The *drum* seems calculated for the field of hateful strife, the din of battle, the charge of deadly conflict. We can find the moral bard, wherein it is thought to imprison our consciences, with other appliances, as is emblematically exhibited on the canvass before us. (Applause.)

I only wish to say a word more. Fellow citizens, I feel that the consummation of our work draws nigh. When I heard the platform erected here to-day, and when I look back upon what has been done within a few years, I feel inspirited and encouraged—I feel that our labours have not been lost. The attention of mankind has been drawn to the question of Slavery, to its encroachments upon the rights of FREEMEN as well as of others. But, my friends, my voice is again broken. I am surprised at this, as it never failed until yesterday. I again repeat the expression of my gratification at hearing and witnessing what I have heard and seen to-day. Would to God I had the power to transport the House of Representatives from Washington to this scene to contemplate the moral sublimity of a mighty people rising in the support of the rights of humanity. Could I do this—could they have been here to-day—there would be no "Compromise" bill passed at this or any future session of Congress. Why, fellow citizens, it must be within your recollection that for declaring that *Congress had no power to involve the people of the Free States in the support of a coastwise slave trade*, I WAS EXPELLED FROM CONGRESS, only six years since. Let the transactions of this day go forth to the country, and be sent out through the whole land, and especially to the ears of Congressmen who are continually legislating for the benefit of Slavery and of the slave power, and they will cease thus to violate the Constitution and disgrace the freemen of our land. I feel that the crisis has just past—that the great obstacle has been surmounted. We have erected a POLITICAL PLATFORM to-day, by which your Representatives in Congress will learn what to do in future. One thing more. It is a fact that at this very moment arrangements are being made, and the energies of the Federal Government put forth *to bring into this Union the island of CUBA!!!* Cuba, with all her Slavery. (Loud cries of Never, never.) It is not at this moment susceptible of legal demonstration, but it is well understood that this is the case. Will you receive it? (No, no.) Will you consent to go into Union with the slaveholders of this Spanish island, in order to strengthen Slavery? To perpetuate its power? To give those Spanish slaveholders power over your rights and interests in proportion to the number of their slaves, counting five slaves equal to three of the freemen present here to-day? I do not believe it will be brought in, but before Heaven I believe that James K. Polk is now endeavouring to ef-

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cure the annexation of that Island to our Union! I know that the fiat has gone forth from this assemblage that IT SHALL NOT BE DONE. This declaration here to-day will defeat this treason to humanity, to our Constitution, and to mankind.

The failure of my voice takes from me the physical power to say more than to thank you for your kind attention.

When Mr. Giddings sat down, loud calls arose for Douglass, who took the stand and remarked, that he was sincerely grateful for the opportunity which the Convention had given him to offer a few remarks on the occasion. I deeply regret that I cannot comply with your kind invitation, and I would merely rise to be excused for not proceeding to address you. I have recently had an operation performed upon my throat which makes it improper for me to speak. One thing however I want to say—God speed your noble undertaking (applause.) The audience appeared to feel great disappointment when they learned that Mr. Douglass could not address them.

Rev. S. J. May of Syracuse. He remarked that there were crises in the history of nations. There had been crises in our country, and happy were a people who knew when a crisis came and were prepared to act. There was a crisis when the Constitution was formed. There was a crisis sixteen years afterwards, when Louisiana was introduced into the Union, and had those who were upon the stage of action when that crisis arose, have seen a tithe of what we have seen, we should not have been compelled to meet here to-day to raise our voices in favour of free soil and freedom of speech. Sixteen years afterwards—and it was a remarkable coincidence that these important events have transpired every sixteen years—and the Missouri Compromise was adopted. And had the sentiment of the country been right, all this agitation would have been avoided. Another sixteen years elapsed, and the revolution in Texas took place; and from that event has come the annexation of that country to the Union, with its Slavery and slave institutions.

He was one of the members of that Convention in Massachusetts in 1845, who raised a voice against the annexation of Texas, and proclaimed the dissolution of the Union in the event that that nefarious scheme was consummated. And he believed it to be their duty to dissolve this Union, for so long as we fraternized with Slavery we live in sin. But when he beheld this movement which had culminated to day, hope was renewed, and he looked forward to the time not far distant, when that aggressions of Slavery shall be rolled back.

We had been called here principally, he was aware, to take ground against the extension of Slavery, and he thought it was but a small matter—a straining at a gnat, after we had swallowed the camel. But he, on reflection, had come to the conclusion that the extension of Slavery was one of its essential elements—one of its main supports, and that opposing extension we struck a powerful blow at Slavery itself in its strong hold—for it lived and was perpetuated—held on to its power and increased it by extending its withering curses over the free territory. And now he went into this movement heart and hand—with high hopes of its speedy consummation.

The President pro-tem, read the following extracts from a letter from Governor SLADE, to Mr. GIDDINGS:

"Let it no longer be said then, that we must go for General Taylor, lest we have Slavery extension under General Cass. We should have it under either, and should therefore support neither. There is 'a more excellent way.' It is, to be *united*—to cease the divisions which are holding us in bondage to the slave power, and stand up in defence of our rights.

"But can we be united? That is the great question. To effect the desired union, strong ties must be surrendered and party aversions overcome. The difficulty of accomplishing this is not to be concealed. But is it unsurmountable? It seems to me it is not. We are in the presence of a very great—a common danger. It is imminent, demanding immediate and united action. When the British, with mighty power, on lake and land, came upon us in 1814, party strife was hushed and all marched shoulder to shoulder, to meet the common foe. But what, really, what was that danger compared with this?

"Union—then Union—should be our watchword. The vital interests of freedom are put at hazard, and the Union that is doing it, I again repeat, must be met by union. Divided we have fallen, and divided we must forever fall, before the all-grasping, ever reaching, and never satisfied power of Slavery. Our own interests, and the interests of humanity alike urge us, with a voice of resistless entreaty, to unite and put forth our full strength against the daring attempt to extend and prolong indefinitely, the dominion and the curse of Slavery in our country.

Let then, the people come together, in mass meetings, and taking each other by the hand, ask, what is there worth contending about, when this question of swallowing up the country, in the bottomless pit of Slavery, is brought home to us for immediate decision. Let us thus do—fighting this great battle with a union that shall be as the heart of one man; and then having achieved a victory, as we surely shall, if we are true to ourselves, and the cause of freedom, we will separate, and fight our battles over again, if we can find it in our hearts to do it. But, in the name of God and humanity, let us be united now—standing firmly and immovably, upon the platform of 'no more slave States—no more slave territory. Free *soil* for free men.' A rally on this platform will give a tone and direction to public sentiment that will not long permit to be left undone, all that the Constitution will permit to be done, to separate the National Government from its participation in the guilt of Slavery."

EVENING SESSION.

Mr. *Brinckerhoff*, came forward amidst great cheering, and in a voice, every tone of which smote upon the ear like a brick bat, said:

Fellow Citizens: I am not a very promising subject. (Ha, ha.) But I will make you one promise, and that is, that I will be brief. (Oh, no, give us a good speech.) So that in case I should be tedious your tortures will not be protracted. (Laughter and applause.) I will, on another condition, make you another promise, and that is, that you shall be tolerably still—or as the Paddy said, "if you cannot be aisy, be aisy as you can be aisy," (Laughter) and I will make you hear, for I believe you can do it. (Ha, ha, what a devil of a voice.)

When I was a small boy and went to school, I read the Testament. (Have you read it since, some one cried out.) And one of the questions there was what went ye out into the wilderness to see? Let me slightly paraphase the question and ask you, what come ye up here to see? (To see Brinckerhoff.) A man in soft raiment? (No.) A reed shaken by the wind? [No.] To see the mighty up turning of the great deep of public opinion—such as is stirring in the popular mind, such as the annals of this country give no account of. To see such a demonstration of public sentiment in favour of free speech and free soil as will make the advocates of Slavery propagandism tremble? If you have, you will see it.

You will see men by the side of David Wilmot, Hannibal Hamlin and others, under trials that made us sick for a week, but who held on, still having faith like unto a grain of mustard seed, that you, after your noses had been held to the grindstone till they were ground completely off, and the grinding had reached to your eyelids, that you would be aroused to a sense of your responsibility and come to our aid. And, now, thank God, you have been aroused, and have come up to aid us in the struggle, and you will, I doubt not, reap the fruits of your doings. "What went ye out into the wilderness to see?" What came our enemies here to see? They have prophesied dissensions and strife, they have said that this Convention would be composed of such discordant elements that they could never be united, and they have been sneaking around here, day after day, in the hopes of witnessing the fulfilment of their prophecies. But they have been disappointed, and I glory in the torture they experience under it. [Cheers.] We were not—I can now speak authoritatively—we were not such fools as to quarrel for the especial gratification of the *Presidential Bakers*, Thomas Ritchie & Co. [Laughter.] We were not so very near what one of the Presidential candidates would be if a letter of his name was omitted [ha, ha, ha,] as to fall out by the way. We were not so much disposed to rejoice the hearts of that pattern of all that is spaniel-like—that prince of *blatherskites*, [great laughter,] Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York. I heard a Senator the other day, from a Western State, pretending to represent one of the States blessed by the ordinance of 1787, in a company of Southern men, say that he was ashamed of his native State—New York. I am a native of New York. Whatever I am I owe to her common schools, the product of her free soil, and I have never seen any thing in her to be ashamed of, except that she gave birth to him.

No, fellow citizens, we have not quarreled. We will not quarrel for the especial gratification of these men.—The waters are moving this great multitude, which no man can number, which defies the powers of Arithmetic, and all the powers of the infernal world, and John C. Calhoun, to boot, (laughter,) cannot stop it. We, the first martyrs in this modern Wilmot Proviso movement were the anticipators of this thing, and rejoice over it, and rejoice in this compromise of personal and party interest. The people have got hold of it, and will carry it on. I mentioned the name of John Calhoun. I am no admirer of him, nor of the Satanic system of political philosophy of which he is the exponent. But I do agree with him that the country is in the midst of a crisis—an important—a momentous crisis. And it is for you—the people—to decide the question—the most important ever submitted to the deliberations of a free people since our own revolutionary era—whether or not the vast acquisitions which we have made upon the shores of the Pacific—the foundations of mighty empires—the home of unborn millions—which have been purchased, and cheaply, too, by all the blood and treasure which have been expended for them—it is for you to decide whether they shall be the theatre of free labour—the home of free mind—of enterprise—of progressive civilization—the land of common schools—or whether they shall be cursed with manacled labour—where enterprise dies out of itself—where the common school is impossible—where labour is dishonourable and therefore unproductive—where the hot and burning feet of the slave scorch its plains and hills, into barrenness. It is for you to decide this momentous question. Shall it be decided in favour of freedom—man and humanity, or of Slavery, injustice, oppression, villany. (By the crowd, freedom, freedom.) Well, my friends, upon you—you the people—the sovereign people rests a fearful responsibility. Don't trust to politicians. You have trusted them too long already. Trust only yourselves—your own generous instincts—your own sagacious judgement—your own upright intentions—uninfluenced by the hope of office. Trust to them, and attend to your own interest. Why, what difference does it make to you who is President? You do not expect to be appointed on a foreign mission, or to a seat in the cabinet, or to a clerkship in the post office. It makes no difference to you who is President. But it is of vast consequence to you, individually, whether or not, you give an honest vote. Is it not of importance to you whether you give a vote which shall commend itself to your consciences, and upon which you can look back with satisfaction, not only in life, but in death. Aye, surely, it is.

As that rising empire on the Pacific is moulded, so will it continue for all coming time. The happiness on misery to be bestowed on the millions yet unborn, is to be decided by the mould into which you now cast their institutions. Shall we so act as that future generations shall rise up and call us blessed, or shall we make ourselves the fit objects of their curses, so that they will blush to name us as their ancestors.

I heard a remark on this stand to-day—made innocently, no doubt—but being made without reflection, it did injustice to its subject. I heard the name of Locofoco used with reproach. Now, gentlemen, I have gloried in that name. Who was it that first gave that name to any political organization? William Leggett, of the city of New York, and I will ask your Chairman if that man ever breathed who advocated, with more intense zeal, with more glowing eloquence, and in a style which genius might have envied, the cause of freedom better than William Leggett? [No, no, no.] It is a fact. Would to God that he were alive now! He would be with us—his voice, calling us to combat the influences of Slavery, would be heard, eloquent as of yore.

I glory in the name of Democrat—adopting the sentiments of Jefferson, who was one of the most consistent advocates for free soil in the great Northwest, and had he never done anything else to merit the admiration of future ages, that alone would have rendered him.

"One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

Some of my friends have said. "Brinkerhoff, you are no Democrat." Why? "Because you don't vote for General Cass. [Laughter.] Now, I have always been under the impression—the silly impression it may be thought—that democracy consisted, not in men—nor in organization—but in principles. If the Wilmot Proviso is not democracy, then General Cass's democracy is entirely new. It is very green (Laughter.) For, not longer ago than one year, he was loud in his complaints against John Davis for talking against time, and thus preventing him from having an opportunity for voting in its favour. Lewis Cass was *then* a Democrat, according to the logic of his advocates, or else he has *flopped* over. Shall I therefore turn. I am not made of such flexible material. Why, the entire North, with the exception of three votes, went for that Proviso. Where are *they* now? Gone off after a mess of political pottage. Let them enjoy it. [It may poison them.] No fear. Nothing will injure them, except an infusion of honesty. Give me the joy which arises from the sense of honour maintained—duty discharged, and freedom defended. (Applause.) One year after that time I heard General Cass speak in the Senate of the United States. He then professed to be in favour of the principle, but said it was not the time to act upon it. But a short time before, he thought it was both the time for action and expedient to act. Now I cannot turn with him. I defy General Cass to contradict this statement. If he attempts it, I can bring the testimony of nine men—every one of them as good as myself—to substantiate what I have said. (We don't want them—your word is sufficient.) He knows it is true, and hence the expression in his letter "he thinks there has been a change coming on in the public mind, and in his own." (Great Laughter.) I would respect General Cass's opinions, if I thought they were sincere. I respect the sincere opinions of any man though they lead to change, for I have experienced such myself. But I believe that General Cass thinks as I do that the Proviso is both expedient and constitutional. I believe that he put his hand in his bosom and took out his soul and laid it out in view of the devil for the purpose of receiving a little temporary elevation. Let the North repudiate him. I believe the South will, and if they do, perhaps there will be others getting up parties to burn barns. (Laughter.)

Gentlemen, I said I would be brief. (Go on, go on, we like the way you talk.) I cannot go on—my health is feeble—it has always been feeble, and nothing else, and thanking you for your kindness, I will relieve you. [Great applause, and three cheers for Brinkerhoff was then loudly called for.]

Mr. J. R. Doolittle, of Wyoming county, N. Y., came forward, and in a singularly full and pleasing voice, commenced addressing the assembly, in a very eloquent and forcible manner, but [illegible] ment, by the arrival of the committe of conferees, announcing the nominations.

After considerable delay the conferees obtained their seats, when S. P. CHASE, of Ohio, Chairman of the Committee, announced that MARTIN VAN BUREN, had been unanimously selected as their candidate for the President of the United States.

This announcement was received with the most enthusiastic demonstrations. Hats, and banners, and handkerchiefs were waved, and cheer followed cheer.

Mr. *Chase* remarked that a letter from Mr. Van Buren had been received, requesting that his name might not be allowed to interfere with the action of the Convention—declaring it to be the greatest convention that had been held since the Congress of 1787. (Cheers.) Mr. *Chase* continued, I am further instructed by the Committee to present another name, as a candidate for the Vice Presidency—a name honorable, not only for the actions of him who bears it, but more honoured still by those of the "old man eloquent" his father. (Great applause.) The convention has anticipated that name, and renders its announcement only a mere form—but a form which must be gone through with. I present, therefore, as a candidate for the Vice Presidency, the name of CHARLES FRANCES ADAMS, of Massachusetts. (Great cheering.) What action will the convention take upon these recommendations? (We will adopt them by acclamation.) And they were thus adopted.

Mr. *Noble*, of the District of Columbia, moved that a committee, consisting of Benjamin F. Butler, Joseph L. White and S. P. Chase, be appointed to inform the nominees of this convention of their nomination, and request their acceptance, which was adopted unanimously. Mr. Chase remarking, that in spite of all that their enemies could do—and of their predictions of strife and contention, the convention did every thing unanimously.

Mr. *Wells*, on behalf of the Pennsylvania delegation, moved that John Van Buren, be requested to waive all personal considerations of delicacy, and be invited to stump the State of Pennsylvania. (We want him in New York. He must stump Ohio—they need him in Mississippi. Let him stump the world.)

The resolution was finally passed inviting Mr. Van Buren to stump the United States generally.

We will here state that the conferees held their meeting while selecting the candidates, at the Universalist Church on Washington street. We could not obtain admittance to their deliberations, as all persons not belonging to the committee were, very properly, excluded. We learn, however, that Mr. Chase, of Ohio, was called to the chair. After the organization, Mr. Butler, of New York, was requested by the committee to give any information he might possess in regard to Mr. Van Buren's views in reference to the action of the convention, whereupon he addressed the committee at length on the movement of the real democracy of New York, and the posture in which they stood towards Mr. Van Buren as the nominee of the Utica convention. In the course of his remarks he read a letter from Mr. Van Buren, which we give in another place. The letter was received with great applause.

Mr. *Butler*, of New York, followed its reading with a speech of some length, in which he approved most cordially of the resolutions adopted by the convention and expressed the belief that Mr Van Buren, if nominated by the convention, would accept the nomination.

Mr. *H. B. Stanton*, of New York, then announced that Mr. Hale was willing to submit to the action of this convention.

The conferees then proceeded to an informal ballot for President with the following result:

Whole number of votes,	466
For Martin Van Buren,	234
For J. P. Hale,	181
For all others,	31
Mr. Van Buren's majority over all,	22

When the result was announced Mr. *Leavitt*, of Massachusetts, made a most eloquent speech, and moved the unanimous nomination of Mr. VAN BUREN, which was seconded by Mr. *Lewis*, of Ohio, in an appeal to the friends of Hale, which we have seldom heard surpassed. The motion was adopted by acclamation. The cheering at this moment was terrific. The conferees adjourned for ten.

On their re-assembling, it was agreed to proceed to the nomination of Vice President. The name of Mr. Giddings was withdrawn, when CHARLES F. ADAMS, on motion of a conferee from Ohio, was nominated for Vice President by acclamation. Shortly after the conferees adjourned to make their report to the convention.

Hon. *Joseph L. White*, of the city of New York, was loudly called for, and addressed the Convention as follows:

Mr. Chairman and Fellow Citizens:—I find myself, for the first time since I arrived at the years of maturity, acting politically with strange men, but not standing upon strange ground. Born and bred in the Whig faith, my earliest attachments were for the Whig cause, and for Whig principles, and I am proud to say. I still feel yearnings for my early love, and shall only abandon it with my latest breath. But I am here because I find in the platform of principles that has been laid down by this great Convention, the ground upon which, as a man of Northern birth and Northern education, but of national views, I have always stood, and, by the blessings of God, shall ever continue to stand. Up to the period of the Philadelphia Convention, it was the pride as well as the pleasure of your speaker, to act with that great, respectable and distinguished party, with what I conceived to be a still greater—still more distinguished—still more respectable head—the man that I conceived to be not only the man of our party, but the man of the world, but who, by the foulest treachery of pretended friends, has recently, by the Philadelphia Convention, been tossed together with Whig principles, and the obligations of gratitude and personal honour into one common grave. And since that period, I have felt that the Whig party, as such, has abandoned its organization—that its principles have been discarded, and that that portion of them who assembled to perpetuate that work of infamy, have recorded to the world their determination to fight, henceforth and forever, as a band of guerrillas devoid of all the obligations of gratitude—caring not for the welfare of the land that gave them birth—casting off all ties of patriotism and honour, for the mere spoils of party and plunder of office.

That Convention at Philadelphia, gentlemen, I attended, and it is upon the actions of that Convention that I purpose to give to my Whig friends a chapter. When its deliberations were over, every Whig who was so unfashionable as to possess that thing called a conscience was constrained to ask himself the question, "Where shall I go?" And from that period up to this Convention, and even later than the commencement of the session,—aye, up to the period when you had the resolution to pass that honourable platform, I was still uncertain where, as an individual, having at heart the good of the country, as I believe I did have, I should go, and where I could commit myself—for I believed that the government of this country could not be administered upon any isolated principle—and I watched with fear and with trembling the action of this Committee upon Resolutions, for the purpose of discovering whether they would lay down a broad platform upon which Whig, Democrat, Liberty party men, Loco Focos, and Federals, could all stand by common agreement, or whether they would adopt one that would exclude men who thought as I did. I was soon however, relieved from all fear, and when the Committee of which I had the honour to be one resolved to report that platform to the Convention I breathed free—felt stronger—stepped lighter, and stood taller, as I do now.—[Applause.] When I return to my constituents I shall feel a pride in proclaiming to my fellow citizens at all times that I shall act shoulder to shoulder, hand to hand with these, my fellow citizens, here and elsewhere, striking such blows as I can in this great—this greatest of causes—the cause of Freedom. [Applause.]

Follow me, my fellow Whigs, for there are many of you here, and to you I address myself in order that you may carry home to your constituents, the observations which I shall address to you—follow me to the Philadelphia Convention—a body of men considered Whigs—committed by every obligation of duty—of principle and of honour, not to travel beyond the Whig party to find a candidate for the Presidency, and to select none but a man pledged to support and carry out the great principles for which that party has been struggling for nearly half a century. This was their duty—how was that duty discharged? The gratitude of the Whig party—aye the affections of the Whig party all pointed to one man beyond the Alleghanies. There, rose and set the sun of the party. To him the affections of all these delegates were directed by a confiding constituency, that when at Philadelphia, they would carry out the views of those who sent them thither. Yet, by the scheming politicians of the South, when it was discovered that Henry Clay had proclaimed no more slave territory; even he, the man that in youth and in riper age they had been taught almost to idolize—they were found ready to sacrifice upon the altar of this institution, because they thought that he was too much attached to northern institutions—to northern principles and to northern men. And they took up, and presented for the suffrages of the Whigs of this Union, what I have denominated a living insult to the intelligence of its members. Who was he whom they presented to us as our candidate? A man who had distinguished himself in a civil service? No! He had fought four battles and written four accounts of them, and therefore, he was to be our candidate. An *honest old gentleman*, who in the honesty and simplicity of his rough western nature, told them plainly, I have not the qualification for this place, but if you choose to make fools of yourself and vote for me, I will do the best I can for you; but God knows what it will be, for I don't. (Great laughter.) Well, this old man's nomination by the schemers of the South was anticipated, and thinking it to be rather an anomalous position for a party to be placed in, they undertook to question him upon his principles. In one letter he informed them that he was a whig, but not an ultra whig. All this went very well; but after that a gentleman of Louisiana wrote him to ascertain what were his opinions upon the Tariff and the Mexican War. His answer was that in relation to the latter, he was engaged in it himself, and as for the former, he had passed his life in camp and had never had time to examine it. Thus we get a definition of what General Taylor means by a "whig." I was not willing to trust such a whig. Upon the principles for which the whigs had been battling for forty years, General Taylor had no opinions. He was nominated—a whig without opinions, and without concealments, for he took good care to tell you all he knew; and he took especial care to let you know that that was, *nothing*. He took care also, to inform you that he would not veto any bill which Congress might choose to pass, but he would express no opinion and give no pledges. Now, I understand the principles of this Government to be that at the ballot box the popular will is to be represented; and how shall this be done unless the voter knows what principles he is supporting when he casts his vote.

Our candidates are, or should be, the exponent of our principles. We do not vote for men but for principles. But who knows what principle he is voting for when he casts his vote for General Taylor? He requires us to go it blind and trust to circumstances. If under such circumstances, I could have got my own consent to go for General Taylor. I should have considered that I would be bound to subscribe to all the acts he might choose to perform, (That's a fact,) because by so voting. I should have authorized him to perform any act he might choose to perform. It would be, in fact, investing him with all the authority of all the despots of the old world. Has one Whig—has one American citizen, any disposition to confer upon him or upon any one else that power? (No, no.) Well, General Taylor was nominated and after his nomination a gentleman from Cincinnati addressed him for the purpose of ascertaining whether he would veto or sign a bill, prohibiting Slavery in the new territories. Now, election was over, "high reaching Buckingham had grown circumspect." His answer was sent, "he had no intention to express any opinions on questions of *policy*." He did not even consider it a question of *principle*. I could not give my support to such a candidate—the candidate of a party neither Whig, Democrat, Native American nor Liberty party, but of a new party which I think can only be described by calling it Miscellaneous. (Ha, ha,) and I cast about to find a platform on which I could stand. I have found such a platform and on it I stand. (Applause.)

Perhaps, gentlemen, it is possible that this old man may be elected. (No, no.) If he is, what sort of an administration will we have? (Miscellaneous.) Miscellaneous, some one says. True—pledged to nothing but himself, you would find this Government turned into a kind of military hospital for sick, sore and superannuated soldiers. Imagine that that old man occupied the white house. Bewildered by the strangeness of his position, he would surround himself by his friends from the army, for, as I understand it, he has not slept in a civilized bed for forty years, and of course, his only friends and associates have been those of the camp. On one side you would see Copofals, wounded in the leg or arm. On the other, a Colonel, wounded, in the face, of *course*. (Laughter.) Here you would see a Captain stumping it through the avenue with a wooden leg—and then a Major parading his epaulets and plume, minus an arm. You would see this motley assemblage thronging Pennsylvania Avenue, and the places of emolument and trust, occupied by these friends of this old man—their only fitness for the various offices, derived from the accidental accuracy of Mexican bullets. (Laughter.

I remember that in 1828 and 1832 we made this country, as Whigs, vocal with our denunciations of men military being raised to the Presidency on account of their military qualifications. But Gen. Jackson had been a distinguished Senator in Congress, and an able Judge in Tennessee, and the mere fact of his military qualifications was no serious objection to him, and our mouths were thus stopped. But now, in 1848, this same conscientious Whig party that taught me this principle in 1828, and '32, by way way of showing the utter insincerity of all party professions, presents, for my suffrage, a man fresh from the gory battle field, with no qualifications except that which he has wrought out by his sword.—Such was not the purpose for which the Whig party was organized, and such was not its character, as I understand it. And when at Philadelphia it turned executioner and sexton of its principles, I turned from it, and was alone until this Convention took me to its arms, God bless it. (Applause.) I confess, gentlemen, and the motive of integrity compels me to confess, that there is still another consideration which induces me to take the course I have here, provided that I could stand upon principles dear to me of old. And that is the manner in which Henry Clay was treated by the Philadelphia Convention. In all my love for the principles laid down in your platform, there mingles much of personal bale and a strong desire to avenge the fate of Henry Clay. I claim no exemption from any of the imperfections of men.

I desire to fight with Free Soil men while they fight, but when they adjourn, I will fight on my own hook, and under my own banner, and that banner shall be "Liberty and Revenge."

It has been charged by the South that this is an aggressive movement upon them, for the purpose of destroying their domestic institutions. That question we have put at rest in the platform which has been reported to-day. Denying all right to interfere with the internal policy of the various States, we plant ourselves upon free soil, and tell our Southern brethren that not one inch further shall your institution of Slavery go—and we say to them, this soil must remain free—enslave it if you can—try it if you dare. (Great applause.) Long enough have we endured the sneers and encroachments of the South. We have endured it until toleration has ceased to be a virtue, and now we plant ourselves upon the platform that our fathers planted themselves upon, and say to the South, "Beware, the blood of the Round heads is aroused!"

I wish I had time to proceed farther in this discussion. I would like to argue the question of the power of Congress to exclude Slavery from the territories, but I feel myself bodily exhausted—mentally, I shall never die.—What I ask, gentlemen, in conclusion, is, that when we go home from this place that every man shall go with a determination to spare no pains, no time, no exertion to achieve that victory which the justice of our cause will in the end ensure if we will only do justice to that in which we are engaged. As Northern men, we have a duty to perform to ourselves, to humanity, to truth, to justice, to the world. And if, by the trickery of the slave power, freedom is again stricken down, when we put our heads upon our pillows let it be with the convictions at least. that our duty has been performed, and while the groans and cries of their victims mingle with their victors, we can look Heaven in the face and say, "Thou canst not say I did it."

One word in relation to the candidates. In 1840, then a resident of the State of Indiana, although born and reared in this my native State, I had the honour of being an elector upon the Harrison ticket, and in 1844 I made the woods vocal with my denunciations against the policy of Martin Van Buren. But times have changed and men are changed with them. Mr. Van Buren, now I can as cordially go for, as in 1840 I opposed him; [great cheers] and it is for the reason that this, my motto, has ever been "principles, not men." [Applause.] I do not know Martin Van Buren in this contest. All I know, is, that circumstances have placed him in the van as the leader of freedom's hosts, and while he is there, and I am actuated by the sentiment of eternal hostility to the slave power, I am nothing but a private in the army, bound to fight for the common cause. [Great applause.] So much for this candidate, and as for the other, I cannot separate him from his father [applause] and when I cast my vote for him, I shall see standing, side by side, the substance of the son and the spirit of the father. [Applause.] All are merged now in one common party. [Name it.] It is the "Free Soil Party." [Great applause.] All past predilections and prejudices are to be forgotten. Here, upon the altar of our country's truth they must be sacrificed. My attachment to this party is the result of circumstances and not of choice.

When the Whig party was dissolved by the action of the Philadelphia Convention, I was forced to turn my attention elsewhere. When they sacrificed that NOBLE HEART upon the altar of despotism, I felt the time for action had arrived. HENRY CLAY! As long as exalted Patriotism, transcendant Genius, nobleness of Soul, and love of Freedom shall command the respect of the Minds and sway the impulses of the hearts of men, the name of HENRY CLAY shall be cherished with love, admiration and delight. [Enthusiastic applause.] Next to this man now stands him whom I have fought from my earliest youth. That man is MARTIN VAN BUREN. [Tremendous cheers.] When I saw this man that I had formerly believed to be timid, cautious and calculating; this man enjoying the universal confidence and affection of the great Democratic party, willing to sacrifice all this personal regard, and forfeit all this public confidence and esteem, and plant himself upon the spot where Freedom dwelt, and bid defiance to the South; it was a sublime spectacle—it was the poetry of politics—I was the religion of patriotism. [Applause.]

When I saw it, then and there, on that occasion did I surrender up all personal prejudices against that man. [Applause.] I say, fellow citizens, that a man like this deserves the favour, the support, the honourable mention of every lover of liberty in this and other lands. (Yes, yes, he does.) And that we may be able hereafter to reward him with the office to which we are all striving to elevate him, shall ever be the effort, as it now is the prayer of him who now addresses you.

At the conclusion of some remarks by Mr. Lewis, of Ohio, Mr. Butler, of New York offered the following resolution, which was adopted with great applause.

Resolved, That JOHN P. HALE, of New Hampshire, by his fearlessness, fidelity, and ability as a Senator, and the readiness, disinterestedness and patriotism with which he placed himself, though a candidate already in nomination, at the disposal of this Convention, has entitled himself to the lasting gratitude of the friends of human rights, and of the great cause of Democracy.

Hon. *Stephen C. Phillips*, of Massachusetts, said, that Massachusetts felt honoured by the distinguished compliment which the Convention had so unexpectedly paid her. Massachusetts had got everything she asked for, in the platform of the Convention. She could enter the contest with a stout heart to battle valiantly in support of such a platform. And again he would say that Massachusetts had been honoured [illegible] honouring the ADAMSES, they honoured Massachusetts. (Applause.)

But he would not make a speech, [go on, go on.] He only wished to state a fact and he hoped that the reporters would be careful to do it justice, because interested and unscrupulous parties were busily engaged in the work of calumny and misrepresentation, and would resort to all and every means, however false and despicable, to accomplish their object. It had been said that Massachusetts had been bribed by the candidacy for the Presidency. [No, no, no.] Now he wished to state distinctly, and in the most positive language, that the nomination of CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS for the Vice Presidency of the United States, by this Convention, was in no manner or sense suggested, intimated, or even desired by a single member of the Massachusetts delegation. [Applause.] It was not even thought of by any one of them. It was proposed by a member of the Ohio delegation. [Applause.] Massachusetts did not seek this honour at the hands of the Convention, but she thought no less highly of it, and she will sustain the act she would not have proposed. [Cheers.] From this time forth till victory shall crown our efforts, the rallying cry of Massachusetts shall be VAN BUREN AND FREE SOIL, ADAMS AND LIBERTY. [Enthusiastic cheering.]

The HUTCHINSONS sung one of their melodious and spirit-stirring and soul-enlivening songs.

A resolution of thanks to the officers of the Convention was passed; also

A resolution of thanks to the inhabitants of Buffalo, for their kindness and attention to members of the Convention.

Dudley Field, Esq. of New York then read the letter from Mr. VAN BUREN, which was received with three cheers.

The Whig Candidate.

The two following letters tally very well with each other, each would go far to prove the authenticity of the other, if that of either could be doubted. As the Whigs insist above all things upon the eminently straight-forward and honest character of "Old Zach," and are bound to believe that he means precisely what he says, they must be exceedingly comforted and strengthened by assurances of their Candidate, and full of hope that he would do what he has never said he would, and what the whole South is perfectly sure he never will do. As the Whig papers will not be likely to trouble themselves much to bring these letters to the attention of their readers, we beg ours to pass them several among their Whig neighbours. The first is published in the *Philadelphia Ledger*, and is as follows:

BATON ROUGE, La., July 24, 1848.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 5th instant, asking of me a line or two, in regard to my position as a candidate for the Presidency, has been duly received.

In reply, I have to say, that I am not a party candidate, and if elected, shall not be the President of a party, but the President of the whole people.

I am, dear sir, with high respect and regard, your most, obedient servant,
Z. TAYLOR.
George Lippard, Esq., Philadelphia, Pa.

The second is an extract published in the Charleston Evening News. From a letter to a gentleman in that city. It is a pity he had not given the whole letter as it very likely contains a more decided statement of the General's opinions upon the subject of Slavery in the Territories. If there could be any doubt of that however, before, there certainly can be more now, after this avowal that a nomination, of the Baltimore Convention which was avowedly Anti-Wilmot Proviso would have been accepted. Here is the extract:

"I never had any aspirations for the Presidency, nor have I now, farther than the wishes of my friends are concerned in the matter; nor would I have it on any other terms than I stated when the subject was first agitated, which is, that my acceptance must be without pledges of being trammeled in any way, so that I could be the President of the whole *Nation* and not of a *Party*.

"I have accepted the nomination of the Philadelphia Convention, as well as the nomination of many primary assemblies gotten up in a various sections of the Union, in some instances, irrespective of party; *and would have accepted the nomination of the Baltimore Convention, had it been tendered on the same terms.* I am now fully, *not fairly*, before the country as a candidate for the Chief Magistracy; and if it should be my good or bad fortune to be elected, I trust my course will be such for the most part, as regards the management of our National affairs, as will meet the approbation of my fellow-citizens. Should they fail to do so, they will, I flatter myself, have the charity to attribute my errors to the head and not to the heart. Very respectfully, your friend,
Z. TAYLOR.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1848

The Irish Rebellion.

At this moment it is probable that an insurrection has broken out in Ireland. What is to be gained by it we do not clearly see, but the popular leaders seem to have adopted the principle of reform if they can get it, and a rebellion at all events. They have resolved that the people shall metaphorically get a belly-full, and that, after the Barmecide entertainment of the last two years, a dessert of grape and a gunpowder tea shall follow. Their countrymen ask for bread, and they give them a pike. They ask for education, and instruction in the infantry-drill is offered them. We cannot help thinking that the drills it were wise to be busiest about are those in which their potatoes are planted. If the tenures of land could be changed or the potato-rot cured by an insurrection we could see some reason in it. We are not of those who believe that the Tree of Liberty must be watered with blood.

We are not aware that the present Irish leaders have any plan except downright anarchy. That they have an earnest desire to remove the evils under which their unhappy country is suffering we have no doubt, but they offer nothing as a substitute for the present state of affairs. Mr. O'Connell was not by any means a profound statesman, but he saw the necessity of concentrating the popular mind upon some point of peaceful agitation. Whether repeal would have proved to be the panacea he expected is doubtful, but the continual agitation of the question drew attention to the state of the country, and forced upon the English Government the necessity of some measure of relief.

We cannot perceive that Messrs. O'Brien, Doheny, and Meagher are at all wiser than the ignorant multitudes whom they are proposing to lead—nowhere. It is very plain that they had no comprehension of the causes which brought about the French Revolution or they would never have sent an embassy to Paris to ask for armed assistance. The Irish masses, at least, know what they want—work and food. That their leaders are quite unable to solve the problem proposed to them evidently appears by their putting arms into the hands of the people instead of tools, and cries for vengeance into their mouths instead of bread. That they have no constructive talent is proved by this—that, if their insurrection were successful and the Independence of Ireland attained, the first thing to be done would be to tear down all which they have been so busy in building, and to get rid at all risks of the love of arms and hatred of the Saxon.

An insurrection in Ireland would be a godsend to the British Ministry. It would distract attention while measures for reform in England were quietly buried out of the way, and would enable Lord John Russell to seem to be doing something. It could be put down with ease, and would furnish an apology for governing the country worse than ever, if that be possible. Moreover the leaders have done all they could to deprive the rebellion of what sympathy it would gain as the last mad expedient of despair, by constantly holding up revenge as its motive and end. If all the wrongs of the past are to be answered for, Mr. Smith O'Brien himself might be called upon to atone for some misdemeanour of the petty King whose lineal descendant he is. No doubt it would be gratifying to him to offer so fine an example of poetical justice.

Suppose for a moment that the English Government should send no troops into Ireland, and should make no attempt to suppress the projected rising, what would the rebels accomplish? It can hardly be imagined that Mr. O'Brien, himself a large landholder, would head a movement for the extinction of the present titles to real estate. Nothing short of some radical measure of this complexion will afford effectual relief to Ireland. The only permanent safeguard against famine is to give the people a deeper interest in the soil they cultivate and the crops [illegible] has made the Irish the shiftless and prodigal people which they are represented to be by all travellers. Education will be of no avail unless at the same time something be given them on which they can bring it to a practical bearing. Take away English opposition and the present insurrection is directed against—what? We confess ourselves at a loss for an answer. The only insurrection which has done Ireland any real service was the one headed by Father Matthew. The true office of the Irish Washington would be to head a rebellion against thriftlessness, superstition, and dirt. The sooner the barricades are thrown up against these the better. Ireland is in want of a revolution which shall render troops less necessary rather than more so.

Mr. Mitchell seems to have perceived that one great curse of Ireland was her land-tenures. Every square foot of the country is covered with its bit of sheepskin and the peasant must pay for its removal in order to thrust his spade into the soil. But the armed preparation now going on does not, as far as we can learn, contemplate any bettering in this particular. Nor would it have, even if successful, any effect in lessening the other evil of absenteeism, unless it should in some way contrive to make Dublin a more desirable place to spend money in than London. Irish landlords after the revolution will be Irish landlords still, and we presume that distress for rent would be very much the same thing in the hands of a Celtic or Saxon constable.

In the meantime meetings are held all over the United States to raise money and sympathy in aid of the revolt. At these assemblages the same inspired talk is heard which gives dignity to similar gatherings in Ireland. Geography, history, political economy, common sense, one after the other, yield gracefully to the fervid demands of patriotism. An Irish legion from America is to make a swoop at London and thus create a diversion in favour of their compatriots. We have no doubt that they would create diversion, to their hearts' content, should they undertake the expedition. Another party proposes a descent upon Canada where, of course, they would be received with open arms. The humanity or justice of this last plan is quite beyond our comprehension.

We should like to have any American favourer of Irish rebellion explain to us the moral distinction between Ireland and South Carolina. Are not our treaties with England and our duty toward her as imperative as our constitutional compromises with Slavery? Are gentlemen who subscribe their five hundred dollars to forward a rising in Ireland to-day, ready to give as much to bring about a similar result in Georgia to morrow? If not, what is the difference? Would Mr. Greeley, who may be elected to a centuriancy on the future legion, buckle on his knapsack and shoulder his musket to put down a revolution in Virginia? We have not the least idea that he would, and yet he would be bound to do so on the principle of allowing to Slavery all its constitutional guarantees. We know that there has always been a wide distinction between tweedledum and tweedledee, and it must be something very like it which enables a man consistently to give a ballot to a Kentucky landlord and a bullet to an Irish one. Mr. Greeley not a great while ago found grievous fault with the Abolitionists for being destructive. Abolitionists are indeed destructives as far as Slavery is concerned, but it is by constructing a public opinion against it, one of the first fruits of which is the formation of the Free Soil party over which Mr. Greeley rejoices. But is Mr. Greeley's Irish sympathy to be applied to constructive purposes? We have always associated the name of Horace Greeley with peaceful reforms. We are sorry to see him taking this military turn. He has altogether too good a head to be knocked into a cocked hat.

All that we ask of the friends of Ireland is that they should be consistent and make no chromatic distinctions between white slaves and black. We do not ask them for subscriptions to lodge lead in the brains of the masters, but to help in effecting a lodgement for right ideas there and elsewhere. J. R. L.

JUDGE MCLEAN ON FREE SOIL.—The following is the letter of Judge McLean, which decided his friends, at the Buffalo Convention to withdraw his name as a candidate for the Presidency. In losing him as a candidate, the Free Soil Party have gained, as we judge from the letter itself, an able supporter.

COLUMBUS, July 28, 1848.

GENTLEMEN: I have delayed an answer to your communication of the 11th instant that I might have time for mature reflection. This was due to you, to myself, to the subject, and perhaps to the country. I have endeavoured to consider the matter in all its aspects and consequences.

The great and exciting question of Slavery extension, in the judicial form it has assumed by the act of the Senate, as it bears upon any position on the bench; the use of my name in the present canvass, and the rejection of it by the Ohio delegates to the National Convention, the relation which Mr. Van Buren maintains to the public; have all been deliberately considered, and I am brought to the conclusion that I ought not to go before the Buffalo Convention as a candidate for the Presidency. I feel deeply and gratefully the honour you have done me by the expression of your kindness and confidence, in connection with that high office.

Resting upon the principles of the Constitution, as they have been judicially settled, the free States, by moderation, vigilance and firmness, may prevent the extension of Slavery to the free territory lately annexed. Without the sanction of law Slavery can no more exist in a territory than a man can breathe without air. Slaves are not property where they are not made so by the municipal law. The Legislature of a Territory can exercise no power which is not conferred on it by act of Congress.

With the highest respect,
I am, gratefully, your ob't serv't,
JOHN McLEAN.

James A. Briggs, Reuben Hitchcock, S. L. Noble, Samuel Williamson, H. C. Kingsley, Thomas Brown, Irad Kelley, John Delamater, and T. G. Turner, Esquires.

SECOND ACQUITTAL OF SAYRES.—The jury in the case of Sayres on the second indictment have returned a similar verdict to that on the first indictment, namely of acquittal. A motion for a new trial on one of the indictments upon which Drayton was convicted, has been made, on the ground that one of the witnesses, Williams retracted the testimony he gave, declaring that Drayton had said to him that he—Drayton—would have been in independent circumstances had he succeeded in escaping with the slaves. The first conviction was made mainly on the strength of this testimony, and Williams, on finding that to be the case, was disposed to retract his retraction, and keep to his first story! The motion however was made, and should it be granted, the testimony of such a witness may perhaps be set aside. It certainly would anywhere else but in a slaveholding State.

THE SLAVE EMIGRATION FROM KENTUCKY.—We regret to learn that all, or nearly all, the slaves whose attempted escape from Lexington, Ky. we mentioned last week, have been captured. The white man, Doyle, under whose direction the attempt was probably made, has also been taken and lodged in jail. The people were with difficulty prevented from executing him at the moment of his capture by Lynch Law and in accordance with the advice, in such cases, of Senator Foote of Mississippi. The Kentucky papers are full of indignation at the attempted emigration, and breath vengeance against the unlucky Doyle, whom they represent as being a worthless fellow, and as having been heretofore guilty of various crimes. How much truth there may be in the stories told of him it is impossible to tell, but probably very little.

GREAT FIRE IN ALBANY.—A fire occurred last week in Albany which swept over an area of about 35 acres, much of which is in that part of the city called the Basin, and the whole embracing about one thirtieth of the city. A large portion of the property destroyed was insured, and much of it belonged to persons who are able to bear the loss, and who will immediately build upon the sites made vacant by the fire. Among another, and a large class, great suffering and embarrassment follow their losses, and for the relief of such persons arrangements are making for a public meeting in this city. It is ascertained that several lives were lost during the fire, and some persons are missing who are supposed to have been destroyed.

☞ We have just received the first number of a large and handsomely printed sheet THE OHIO STANDARD, to be published at Columbus, Ohio. It is to be edited by E. S. Hamlin, late of the *True Democrat* of Cleavland, assisted by J. C. Vaughan late of the *Louisville Examiner*. The motto of the Standard is FREE TERRITORY, FREE STATES, FREE LABOUR, FREE MEN, and under the care of its able editors it cannot fail to be a most valuable paper and able advocate of the Free Soil movement.

HON. W. DUER will accept our thanks for a copy of of the pro-Slavery speech of R. Barnwell Rhett of S. C on the relation of the States and General Government towards the Territories.

Domestic Correspondence.

Letter from William Larrison—The Mob at Newark.

NEWARK, N. J. August 21st, 1848

FRIEND GAY:—You may wonder at my long silence. I have been absent in the country, visiting relatives and friends, and was not apprized until my return on Friday last of what had been enacted in Newark since my departure. I addressed two meetings by invitation while absent, one at Madison, Essex co. and the other at Chester, Morris co.

I will relate to you the late proceedings of the Mob and City Authorities, as they have been told to me since my return. I gave you a report of what was done at Wilberforce Hall, on Sunday afternoon, July 30th, before I left. I told you that we were surrounded by a mob, who said they were the friends of the Mayor, and who compelled us to disperse. This was the first mob I ever witnessed. I then realized with terrible force, that if we ourselves would be free, we must free the slave; that the tyranny which enslaved our brethren in the South, was the same that denied us Freedom of Speech in the North. The mob were in the hall, in front of the building, in the alley on one side, and in the rear. Their glaring eye-balls starting from their sockets, their bloodhoon bay, and their murderous yell, gave proof that they were ready for deeds of blood, and were fit for "treason, stratagem, and spoils." They attempted to close the iron window-shutters and envelope us all, men and women in darkness. They broke down a row of benches, stole some of our papers from the office, spewed their tobacco against the front window, and performed other valiant feats. I left town the next morning, (Monday, July 31st.) In the evening, when the Society met, the mob came also, and broke up the meeting,—the Anti-Slavery friends adjourning out of the windows. On the following Wednesday evening, a meeting was called to take into consideration the conduct of the Mayor. The mob came and broke up the meeting; breaking down benches, gas-fixtures, &c. On the following Monday evening, August 6th, the Society again met, but were again compelled by the mob to disperse: The mob now completed the destruction of the gas fixtures, stove in the windows, broke into the office, stole our books and papers, and carried part of them into the street, where they were burned.—The Hall having been surrendered to Mr. Jackson, the proprietor, of course no meetings have been held there since. On the next Monday evening, August 13th, the mob assembled before the Hall, and finding it closed, gave three cheers. It was then shouted that the meeting was in the Fourth church, (a house that was mobbed in the time of Dr. Weeks,) and thither the mob repaired, but not finding anything but the empty building, finally dispersed.

On one of the above evenings, it is reported that a constable was present in a state of intoxication,—that he placed himself upon the table and told the mob to go home if they did not wish to hear the speakers,—but that when at the door he told the mob to "give them hell."

Perhaps you will ask where our liberty-loving, peace-making, orderly, redoubtable Mayor was, during this three weeks riot. Did he run away? Oh, no; for he is the Conservator of the public peace, and, for one night when the mob was holding forth, he was on hand; that is, he was down on the corner of Broad and Market streets, standing afar off, probably in imitation of some great General, surveying his well disciplined forces from some point of prospect—taking note of such as bore themselves bravely in the fight. After the battle was over, our gallant Mayor came boldly forward to see what was left of the foe. Yes, he did come even to the Hall on one occasion, after the mob had wreaked their vengeance, and said to them on the steps as they were retiring; "these men have *rights!* go home."

It will be remembered that when the Mayor, to gratify the mob, drove us from Military Common, he promised to protect us if we would meet in Wilberforce Hall.—He has utterly refused and neglected to redeem his promise, and betrayed our lives and our property into the hands of a murderous mob. The mob forbid Freedom of Speech, and the Mayor and City Authorities say: Amen!

We had assured the people in our appeals in behalf of Freedom of Speech, that if we could not be allowed to exercise that right, the mob would be encouraged to suppress Freedom of Speech wherever they saw fit. That not only the liberties of Abolitionists were in jeopardy, but those of every other class. This has already been demonstrated. Before the mob had finished their work in Wilberforce Hall, the South Ward Debating Society, some of whose members are officers of the city, undertook to discuss the following question: "Which have been most to blame, the City Authorities or the Mob in the late riotous proceedings?" The question was discussed one evening, and left, to be taken up at the next meeting of the Society should wish. Before the next meeting if that Society, some one posted written notices about the streets, advertising the meeting and the question for discussion. The consequence was, the mob determined to honour the meeting with their sovereign presence, and the Society were afraid to meet.

You have now some idea of the character of our new City Government, to whom the Mayor refers the decision of all questions pertaining to the liberty of the people.

Those brave men who have displayed such unparalleled heroism in behalf of Slavery, doubtless expect some appropriate reward. I would commend the leaders, in the language of another, as "fit candidates for the dazzling honours of a brass collar, bearing the name of some Southern master;" and sincerely hope, that the subalterns may not be deemed unworthy of an occasional sip at the slaveholders' swill-tub.

Yours, for "God, the Slave, and Liberty,"
WM. LARISON.

Letter from J. J. Flournoy.

To the Editors of the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

GENTLEMEN:—A friend inimical to the designs of Colonization sent me a copy of your paper containing the charges, and specifications of the *Day Book* against Messrs. Pinney, Roberts and Lewis,—which, as I happened to know something of them, I very much discredit. No American not in the category which Bacon placed Pinney, that is, not insane can object to a plan of decided philanthropy, so world-wide as that of Liberia—embracing two continents, and being the only possible means of civilizing that Pagan region. He that wishes to forego all this must be an enemy to the negro race, and to the cause of Jesus Christ,—no matter his professions and sentimentalities.

As to the lineage and colour of Mr. Pinney, I know nothing, I have never seen him. His conduct has not been in derogation of any African kindredship—as the avocation of Agent for the Colonization Society is a most legitimate application of individual resources, and this finds the Rev. J. B. Pinney, just where he has benevolently ever been. But after all supposing he may be a white man entire, marked by the tanning effect of vertical suns on his ancestry—this assimilation of him in derogation to the race his life has been spent in serving, is a cruel attack not only upon himself and the Republic of Liberia, but upon the sterling principles of Christian Charity. But meeting Bacon, upon any issue he may get up as to Mr. Pinney's colour, we should like to know whether he himself is entirely exempt from the African tinge? The intermixture of blood between the races of the Caucasian, the Indian, and the African, is more extensive throughout Europe than you or Bacon suppose. It is rife in Ireland, Spain, Italy and Turkey. It is visible in England, Holland and the middle regions of Europe. Irish history firmly asserts that Phœnician navigators peopled the Emerald Isle long before the Romans invaded Britain; and these Phœnicians were (as see Bryant's Archeology) a 'particularly dark skinned men,'—and, as Canaanites, literal offspring of Ham, whose progeny are the Ethiopians. What, then against Mr. Pinney's colour, if Bacon himself be of kin distantly or directly to Irish families, or have any Morisco Spanish blood! Before the separation of the races by the Belgian division and the confusion of tongues at Babel—the intermixture of families had already demarked the white with hues of hair and features which make the distinction impossible. Still the slighter traces do not make cause for division, such as hold with regard to the Colony of Liberia—now Independent. The literal negro cannot enjoy facilities in this country open to him in Africa, and if he would be truly free and respectable he must become colonized.

The assertion that Roberts and Lewis were slave traders, and that the Colony now, as inferred, is a mart clandestine for slaves, passes for nothing, since evanescent as unsubstantial ideas. In 1817, the time of the settlement of the Colony, a weak and few people might not have suddenly shut up the slave factories, as this may risk the project entirely. And this seeming toleration looked to invidious eyes as an encouragement. Even if to propitiate the slave-traders, Roberts and Lewis did have a hand temporarily in the scheme, it was a *stroke of policy*—which, when as now, the Colony became strong, was peremptorily forbidden, and not a slave is sold in Liberia, or has been for years. In effect then, this establishment is the best abolisher of the slave trade within its influence, that the genius of man has conceived. The coast may be sickly as the coast of the Southern States,—but when the inhabitants ascend into the upper country they will find a congenial and chalybeate clime.

I was at Columbia, South Carolina, when Mr. Pinney was threatened by the people for lecturing in the Presbyterian Church to white congregations, in behalf of Colonization.—He was heard of course by some of the coloured at the same time. I never heard of his assuming a mulatto habit and holding meetings of negroes. The South Carolinians were then violently excited against the North, and all opponents of Slavery, whether Abolition or Colonization, were regarded as enemies. The time was, when the nullifiers planning that project, were determined to destroy the Tariff, and to secede if forced, from the Union. Being thus excited, Mr. Pinney gave the lecture in question. He was not allowed to renew it, and some talked of taking him from the hospitalities of the Theological Seminary and lynching him, which the firmness of better men withstood. During all this time I had no idea that a coloured man was lecturing coloured assemblies. I thought and knew a white agent of the Society was lecturing a white congregation. And, now in conclusion, I will observe that if Mr. Bacon's assertion can be thus proved untenable with truth, his other charges are of a like nature, and therefore fall to the ground!

I am, gentlemen, respectfully,
Your obedient, humble servant,
J. J. FLOURNAY.

WELLINGTON FARM, near ATHENS, (GA.) August 12, 1848.

Foreign Correspondence.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

SLIGISHAN INN, Isle of Skye, July 30, 1848.

MY DEAR GAY:—Here is your Dublin correspondent among the stormy Hebrides, and a precious day he has of it. It is raining incessantly. Looking out of the parlour window on one side, is a bare and lofty mountain, wreathed in mist, and at its foot rushes a foaming mountain torrent, swelled prodigiously by the night's rain. On the other side stretches Loch Sligishan, an arm of the sea, near a mile long, which has the island of Rassay opposite its mouth—but the island is not now visible, owing to the thickness of the mist and the heavy rains. Have you ever read "The Lord of the Isles?" I have, and it has cost me a deal of money. There are three or four stanzas in particular, forming, I think, the opening of the 4th canto, that I owe a heavy grudge to in this respect—and amongst them the following has proved the most costly of all:

"Such are the scenes where savage grandeur wakes
An awful thrill that softens into sighs;
Such feelings rouse them by dim Rannoch's lakes,
In deep Glencoe such gloomy raptures rise:
Or, farther, where beneath the Northern skies
Chides wild Loch Eribol its caverns hoar;
But, be the minstrel judge, they yield the prize
Of desert dignity to that dread shore
That sees grim Coolin rise, and hears Corriskin roar."

Thinking that there could be no better judge of such matters than that same "mighty minstrel," (as Wordsworth calls him) I took the notion this time twenty years when on a business visit to Glasgow, to fly off at a tangent from all concerns about type and printing presses to visit this wild and vaunted island which every one must visit who wishes to "see Grim Coolin rise, or hear Corriskin roar." Leaving a little money in the hands of a friend, I visited Skye and some other parts of the Western Highlands, and managed matters so nicely that on my return to Glasgow I had just eighteen pence left in my purse. Taking up my reserve fund, I then visited Edinburgh, chiefly that I might lay my four eyes (don't start, I wear spectacles) upon the living, breathing, Sir Walter Scott himself—and I saw him sure enough—sound asleep—as he sat at his good fat post of one of the principal Clerks of Session. Above him were ranged I think half a dozen of the Scotch Judges in the scarlet and crimsoned robes—all lords—as solemn as owls—dispensing justice, and beneath them peaceably reposed the mighty minstrel in all his glory, delighting my very heart with the sight of him. My dear fellow, it may be "one of my few weaknesses," but I had rather see one such man than all the Himmalehs from Western Tartary to the frontiers of China.—Well, at last he awoke, and rubbed his eyes, and looked about him—and then he began to write—and at last he got up and left his place and walked into the hall of the courts among the barristers and suiters, and probably a good many gazers—for all strangers who visited Edinburgh to see the lions came here to see Scott. How I envied a young man who talked with him. How I listened to catch the sound of his voice—how all I heard him say was "Well, in that case,"—how I had no opportunity of being so much as bid to get out of his way—like the happy cobbler who boasted that the King had spoken to him and mentioned this as the result of the interview. I had no notion of telling you all this when I began, but the memory of other years carried my pen along with it, and there you have the result—in strict confidence.

Now you must know that my visit to Skye twenty years ago, made a deep impression on me. I fully approved Scott's judgment of its glorious scenery—and he has been a lucky acquaintance of mine, who has ever since escaped repeated declarations on my part that whatever else he might have seen he had no occasion to boast till he had seen "Grim Coolin rise," &c. Of course, notwithstanding my increasing avocations, advancing age, and greater infirmities, I had not, at any time, given up the notion of coming here again—and so here I am.

Accompanied by a friend who wished to wipe off the disgrace of not having visited Skye, I left Dublin one fine evening nearly a fortnight ago, in the steamer for Glasgow. Next morning the prospect was as disheartening to a tourist as was possible. The sky was quite overcast—the air filled with mist—the wind from the Southwest, which is always the rainy point in Scotland—and the sail up the Firth of Clyde, which is exceedingly beautiful and romantic, and full of interesting historical associations, was this time as murky as possible, and only associated in our minds with the sorrowful certainty that we had left the fair weather behind us, and that it would probably be long enough before the skies would become propitious in this most uncertain and cloudy climate. One friend—a very candid one, on whom we had most properly, great reliance—assured us that when after fine weather at this time of year, the wind turned round to the Southwest, we might fairly look for a succession of wild weather; and yet, though his prophecy has turned out pretty correct, we have been much more fortunate than we could have at all anticipated, and have enjoyed ourselves much more than if the arrangement of the elements had been left to our own disposal. Shortly after our arrival in Glasgow we called upon William Smeal, a grocer in the Gallowgate, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, by which I mean a Quaker of the Quakers, a most uncompromising member of our Society, a rock of a man. He, with his brother, is editor of *The British Friend*, a monthly periodical, devoted to the interests of Quakerism. He has always been a staunch and energetic Abolitionist, and aided by John Murray and Andrew Paton, a chief pillar of the Anti-Slavery cause in the West of Scotland. John Murray, who lives at Bowling Bay, ten miles down the Clyde, we did not see; but we were so fortunate as to meet with Andrew Paton in the street. He is a merchant and a man—such a man that you would take his word before many another body's oath. His sisters have for many years been indefatigable and most successful labourers for the Boston Fair, and for the promotion of the Anti-Slavery cause in every way. He most kindly invited us to visit his country place at Gareloch, about thirty miles from Glasgow, and 10 from Greenock, which we accepted—and took advantage of much sooner than we anticipated—for the next day taking the steamboat for Oban, on the coast of Argyllshire, opposite to the Sound of Mule, with the intention of proceeding from thence to Skye. The weather set in so unpropitiously that we proceeded no farther than the pretty little town of Rothesay. From thence we returned to Greenock and then by another steamboat up to Gareloch to the country seat of our friends the Patons, where we received not merely a welcome in the Highlands, but a Highland welcome—which is famed in poetry and prose the wide world over. We felt as if we had been at home or in Boston amongst our Anti Slavery friends there, not only because our reception was so hearty, but because we enjoyed an equanimity of sentiment and of intimacies which is always very delightful. Let people be as liberal and as tolerant as they please, they cannot help liking that society best where their conscientious convictions do not subject them to the imputation of being knaves or fools, and where they are not received or treated as strangers, but as equals and friends. I should tell you that Henry C. Wright spent much of his time in Scotland, under the roof of our friends at Gareloch, and that the memory he has left of his visits is just what himself and his friends could wish it to be. One place was pointed out as the spot where his work on Defensive War was written, and another as that where he wrote his able treatise on the Dissolution of the American Union. After a very pleasant stay of nearly two days at Gareloch, we took up our luggage and sailed back to Greenock, from whence we sailed for Inverary, near the head of Loch Fyne. Nearly the whole Western coast of Scotland is deeply indented with long, deep, and narrow arms of the sea called Lochs. Some of them, such as Loch Long and Loch Fyne, are sixty or seventy miles in length. They are generally remarkable for their romantic, wild, or beautiful scenery, and every ruined castle, and many of the localities along their banks are connected with the history, or exploits, or villainies of former days. It is no wonder that Scotchmen are so fond of their country. The natives of mountainous countries always are, and Scotland is not only mountainous, but the scenery of which they form so prominent a feature, is full of beauty and majesty. Inverary is a very little town, tidy and neat, near the head of Loch Fyne, a fine loch and famous for its herring, which are the most celebrated in Scotland. This place is also remarkable as the head quarters of the Clan Campbell, whose chief the Duke of Argyle, has a magnificent castle and domain, close to the town. On expressing to an old gentleman my surprise that Inverary was so small a place for so fine a situation, he told me he did not think that more than four houses had been built there as long as he could remember, and that the reason lay in the objection of the Duke to let the ground for building, as he did not wish to have the town increase in his neighbourhood.—This shows you what great men our great men are, and what power they have to prevent a vast deal of good, as well as to do a great deal of mischief. From the conical hill of Danaquoich, about one thousand feet high, in the Duke's ground, we had one of the finest woodland and mountain prospects you can imagine. From Inverary we walked, between going the direct road, losing our way, and returning upon our steps, nearly fifty miles to Oban, opposite the Sound of Mule, on the West Coast. I have not words to describe the twentieth part of the stately mountain, the beautiful verdant hill sides, the woody glens and copses, the lonely rocky valleys, the abundant wild flowers, the waterfalls rushing and plashing down the mountains sides. As to waterfalls, the Highlands are full of them; the mountains are so high, so massy, and rugged, that the water as it falls, is rapidly collected, so that you can often only be certain that a distant mountain is not a cloud by the foaming torrents hurrying down its seamed and precipitous sides. Between Inverary and Oban is the long fresh-water lake called Loch Awe. It is about twenty miles long, and not more than two miles across in the widest part, so that an American would think it a "pretty considerable" river, but we who have no such rivers think it a very grand lake. Immediately over its Northwestern borders rises the gigantic mass of Ben Cruachan, one of the largest and grandest though not the highest of the Scottish mountains. When we came in view of him his top was visible, his front veiled with clouds, and while we were in the midst of our raptures at being on the brow of a lofty hill, we were caught by a heavy shower, and got a most especial drenching. We were reduced to a pitiable state while you would say "Jack Robinson."

Oban is a neat little town in a beautiful situation. The isle of Kerrera lies between it and the sound of Mule, and it is almost the last place north of Greenock and Glasgow where you are pretty sure of finding shops that provide anything but the necessaries of life. Booksellers and confectioner's shops are in Oban—and I should blush to confess that I have all my early tendency to look and long as I stand outside, either the one or the other.

From Oban we circumnavigated the large island of Mule, in order to visit the famous islands of Staffa and Iona, lying off its west coast. The road scenery the whole way round is very fine, full of bold headlands, bare and rugged rocks, and waterfalls, without stint or measure. It is wonderful what men can do with their pens. Surly old Dr. Samuel Johnson when making his journey to the Hebrides visited Iona, and his remarks upon its beautiful and interesting remains of ecclesiastical antiquity, which trace their origin to the time of St. Columbkille in the 6th century, are perhaps the most frequently quoted of all he has ever written. It is in all the guide books of course, and whenever Iona is spoken of, so is the doctor's sonorous eulogium. When Johnson visited the Hebrides, tourists had no such fair-weather times as at present. Instead of the rapid and well-appointed steamboat, the passage through these islands must have been made in open boats, and a visit to Iona must have been a nervous matter. Staffa lies nine miles further north than Iona. Of course you have read all about this wonderful island. It is only three quarters of a mile long, half a mile wide, and 140 feet high in the highest part, but it is entirely formed of basalter columns packed as closely together as the cells of a honeycomb. It is full of caves—the largest of which, Fingall's cave, is famous as the most beautiful and wonderful of Nature's temples. It is greatly the fashion for very sentimental silly, and highflying writers in magazines and the like, to be greatly horrified at the invasion of the wilder and remoter of Nature's domains by troops of summer tourists who come to gaze and go away again, instead of pulling long faces, wearing the pilgrim garb, and living sadly like anchorites. They would in their romantic pharaseeism and exclusiveness, banish all such, drive away the steamboats, and break up the delightful roads that traverse the Highlands as smooth and well-kept as the gravel walks in a gentleman's grounds. What fools! The more that come, the merrier they are, and the more they enjoy, or think they enjoy, the better. If one-tenth of those who come had no real appreciation for grandeur and beauty, great good would still be done by bringing people together, by the wish to enjoy themselves in a rational and healthful way. The noble steamboats are very pleasant, and so are the exquisite roads, and so is the varied company that you see—the fair young ladies—the staid mothers—the grave fathers—the gentlemen from the south of England with their queer hats and caps, bought for the occasion, and the newly purchased plaids, intended to make them look as much like Highlanders as possible. Then such chat goes on, such good humoured interchange of remarks about the weather and the scenery, and such consulting of maps and guide books, and such anxiety to see what they shall see.

Our circumnavigation of Mule brought us back to Oban, and next day we sailed up Loche Linnhe, and stopped on our way to visit the famous Glencoe, the wildest and grandest, and deepest of the highland glens, and remarkable as the scene of the massacre of its inhabitants perpetrated in the most base and treacherous way, by royal order, in the time of William the Third, and which has fixed an indelible stain on that monarch's memory. I wish you had seen the strange vehicle expressly furnished for the purpose of conveying the boat's company through the glen, or as much of it as a four hour's leave of absence from the vessel gave us time to see. It was about the length, breadth and height of an ordinary railway carriage, but it had no covering at either top or sides; and there we sate—eight-and-twenty merry souls—and all agog to dash through thick and thin, unfurling our umbrellas, so that as we passed along, we had a beautiful view of the ground, and of the natives who looked up at us; but often while it cleared up, and we saw the glen to great perfection, including the sites of the ruined huts of the victims of the massacre, add the lofty and savage mountains that enclose the valley, with waterfalls tumbling down their sides, and in some of their sheltered recesses, patches of last year's snow, that enable you more thoroughly to realize the height of these hills and of your present latitude.

Returning to the steamboat we sailed up to Fort William near Inverlochy, at the foot of Ben Nevis, which is almost the highest, if not the very highest of British mountains. It rises within two or three miles from the sea level, and is 4370 feet high. It is a stately mountain, and its summit is marked by patches of snow which lie there all the year round. A few others of the Highland hills are graced with a slender frontlet of eternal snow, which, if ever so slight, adds vastly to their mountain majesty.

From Corpach, three miles from Fort William, where the Caledonian canal commences, and the steamboat left us on her return, we took to the road again, myself and my friend. We walked 14 miles that day, and 20 more the next brought us to Arisaig, on the west coast, opposite to the islands of Eig and Rum, and 13 miles from the southern extremity of Skye. It would be more than I could do to give you any adequate idea of the extraordinary highland beauty of these 31 miles—of the conical, rugged, and picturesque mountains that our way lay through, the woody dells, the numberless waterfalls, the fresh-water lakes, and the salt-water lochs or arms of the sea, like dark and silent rivers, the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky. We found ourselves most fortunate in the change of the weather we had regretted so at first. The alternate sunshine and showers were much better for us than cloudless skies would have been. All the district from Corpach to Arisaig is deeply interesting to the lover of the romance of history, as the scene of the landing of Charles Edward (the Young Pretender,) in 1745, as well as of his final wandering and escape from Scotland in the following year. Near the inn of Glenfinnan, where we stopped the first night upon this road, is erected a column to commemorate the spot where he first unfurled his standard and summoned the Highland clans to join him in his unlucky struggle. The district of Arisaig, and the neighbouring peninsulas of Morer and Moydart (which you will find marked on any good map of Scotland) are the only parts of the Scottish mainland where a majority of the people have always retained their fealty to the Church of Rome. There are very few of the natives of these parts, who are not Romanists. When I was a boy I remember being shown as a curiosity a native of Scotland who was a Roman Catholic. From Arisaig we crossed to Skye in an open sailing boat of about seven tons, on as lovely a morning as ever shone from the skies. The distance though only 13 miles, was the longest I ever travelled in that way, and we enjoyed it exceedingly. The water was pleasant, and the scenery surpassingly grand and beautiful. The island of Eig is highly picturesque, rising at one end to a peak something like a hook in shape, and 1500 feet high. Some of its shores are precipitous, rising at the end opposite to the peak into a sort of lofty table land. A cave is shown on this island near the shore, into which the whole population of the island retreated on the occasion of an invasion of the McLeods of Skye, some ages ago. The invaders first thought the island was deserted, but happening to trace the poor people in their retreat, they burnt fires at the entrance, and smothered them all. Fragments of their bones may be found there at this present day. A deed of ferocious vengeance was enacted by the French troops in Algeira, on an Arab tribe a very few years ago. The recent horrible insurrection in Paris, and the abiding cruelty of American Slavery show that in a large proportion of cases, *Civilization* and *Christianity* are only names for a very flimsy disguise.

Arrived in Skye, we were landed at Armadale, the best wooded and most luxuriant part of the island. This place is the residence of Lord Macdonald, the chieftain of the clan of that name, and one of the two great proprietors of the island. The other is McLeod, of McLeod, as he is called. He lives at Dunegan castle on the north west side of the island, and is the chief of the clan McLeod. He traces his origin to the same family of the fierce old Norseman, from which William the Conqueror was descended—a pretty long-tailed genealogy. To be sure, you and I are equally descended from Adam—who was probably quite as reputable a gentleman as any of the Norse robbers—but I am certain sure that McLeod of McLeod (pronounced *Mac Cloud*) would look on us both as very low fellows in comparison with himself. There is no disputing about tastes, but I beg leave to keep my own private opinions on this very important matter. Did you ever hear of the Welshman's genealogy, in the course of which the writer incidentally remarked that "about this time the world was created." Is not this sublime? From Armadale we walked about 6 miles to Gillan on the opposite side of the peninsula of Sloat which forms the southeastern extremity of Skye. Passing over a very lofty hill, we enjoyed on the south side of it delightful views of the far-spreading ocean, with all its beautiful islands, and of the vast range of mountains on the mainland of Scotland. When we reached the top, and had a clear view to the north, we saw stretching before us on the opposite side of an arm of the sea, the principal object of our visit the towering black and pinnacled range of the Coolin mountains, to which, as I have already referred, Sir Walter Scott and myself give the prize of sublimity, and "desert dignity" above al, others in the British islands.

At Gillan we got a boat with four oars and four rowers, and set off on another little voyage of 20 miles. We were not fairly launched till about five in the evening—and such an evening—a calmer, clearer, milder, more delightful never shone from the sky—and being so far north, we were able, at the end of July, to read small print at ten o'clock, for the sun did not set till past eight, and the twilights are long in these high latitudes. In the north of Scotland it is not quite dark even at midnight when the sky is clear, about four weeks earlier than at this time of the year. We had been told that within 2 miles from Corriskin we should find the house of a sheep farmer, and that he would probably give us shelter for the night, for there is no inn within ten miles of the place. When we were landed, it was nearly dark, and we had to clamber over bogs and water courses, to reach the object of our unseasonable visit. We reached the house, and found many of the family still out of bed, to our great relief, and after making our representations (through an interpreter, for none that we met at first could speak English fluently) we succeeded to our great joy, in getting a rough sort of shakedown on the floor, where we slept merrily till morning. The principal incident on our voyage hither was that just about sunset our boat struck upon a rock, and if the men, with great exertion had not succeeded in getting her off, we would, of a certainty, had to remain till morning—"till daylight did appear."

When the morning came we set forth with a guide to show us the way and carry our luggage—which, when we came to a difficult pass where we had to use some discretion in crossing a narrow ledge just over the salt sea, he allowed (I mean the luggage) to slip from his hold and fall souse into the water, so that all our traps including this identical paper went to the bottom of the ocean. Fortunately this loss occurred through the guide's fault, not ours. And he succeeded in recovering our finery, for the water was not very deep, and except that we were rather chilled I am now almost as well off as ever. We spent the day among the Coolin Hills, and such a day as we were told had not been known in that cloudy climate for the present year before. I can never forget that day; I wish you had been there with us. I would recommend you straightway to read the Lord of the Isles where and in the notes you will find a good deal in both verse and prose that will make you sorry that you did not form one of the party.—This Sligichan Inn that I date from stands at the end of a glen into which you pass in your way from Lough Corriskin, as Scott calls it, or Corroosok as the natives pronounce it. The glen is a slough of Despond. You can only reach the Inn by wading through bogs or stepping at the rate of a mile an hour over a wretched road covered with large loose stones and crossed by mountain torrents and huge masses of stones and debris rolled down by the raging flood from the impending mountains. It is only eight miles long but is one of the weariest walks I ever took. We have had every reason to be satisfied with our trip and are now turning our faces homeward. Having said thus much of the country I should not omit to say something of the people. The Scotch Highlanders as you are probably aware are of the same Celtic stock as the Irish, but they are infinitely less numerous; they are better clad, are cleaner, and have much more the air of self-respect. They are very poor but I have seen no beggars. We have been asked for nothing except in a few instances for a little tobacco, which alas! we had not to give. The highland hut is generally built of large rough stones and thatched with straw. In Skye and probably others of the more remote Hebrides; its form is somewhat of a rude kraal like shape that looks so primative in the isle of Aschill on the west coast of Ireland. The walls are very thick, the thatch rests upon them and is frequently secured by strong ropes with big stones tied to the end, and the hut has no gables.—Except that the Highlanders have not the cordial, hearty pleasant manner of the poor Irish, I think them quite as well to be liked. The women generally go barefoot in the country and so do the children. Gaelic, a dialect of the ancient Celtic, is universally spoken and a very large number you meet cannot speak a word of English. In the most Irish part of Ireland the native language of the country is rarely understood by any but the poor; but here every resident speaks Gaelic. They are all one people here.—Everywhere in Ireland you meet two nations.

Since I left home I learn that the Habeas Corpus act has been suspended for eight months in Ireland. The Government are forced to this course by the reckless, silly and unprincipled agitators playing their own game at the expense of the welfare of millions of an ignorant, fanatical, and wretched population, whose condition will never be [illegible] those who abet or approve of them. I would challenge history for another instance of a Government that has acted with such forbearance, mercy and moderation as has been exhibited by the present English ministry during their tenure of office, under such unexampled difficulties in the administration of the Government of Ireland. This admission I conceive to be only the most ordinary justice.

Yours truly, RICHARD D. WEBB.

Notes on New Books.

EDINBURG PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND MAGAZINE OF MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL SCIENCE. *Edited by George Combe and Robert Cox. Republished by Fowlers & Wells, New York, July.*

We have never seen the original Edinburg Phrenological Journal, but we have no doubt from the character of this American reprint, that its publishers make a judicious selection from the former, and give, as they promised in the first number, all that it contains of value and importance enough to warrant a republication. The Journal could not fail to be an excellent work, even if the selections were taken at random from the writings of George Combe, but made up, as it is, of carefully chosen articles from various other writers, and published with the sanction of one so justly distinguished as Mr. Combe, its republication cannot fail to be welcome not only to the phrenologists, but to all who are interested in education and mental philosophy in this country. The table of contents in the August number is of great interest and value.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, AUGUST. *Reprint of Leonard Scott and Co., 79 Fulton street.* The pages of this No. of Blackwood's present an unusual quantity of light reading, which will probably make it none the less acceptable to very many of its readers. A good story, or a good review of some book of travels of which we are not likely to know anything in this country except through the English Reviews, is oftentimes a good exchange for a high Tory article upon French Revolutions, or English Chartism. Part III of Life in the "Far West" of the previous numbers of which we have spoken as exceedingly amusing and lively discriptions of the life among Western hunters; part V of the Caxtons; Art—its Prospects, a valuable, and well written paper; Kaffirland; Modern Fourierism, a review of Miss Martineau's Eastern Life, written by some high Churchman, probably, who cannot easily pardon the author that she was born a woman and bred a dissenter; Eighteen Hundred and Twelve; The Blue Dragoon; Laurels and Launates; The Horse-Dealer—a Tale of Denmark; and sketches in Paris, make up an interesting Table of Contents.

PHONOGRAPHY.—The report of the speeches made at the Buffalo Convention, with which we occupy a large portion of this number of the *Standard*, is taken from the full report of the proceedings made by Oliver Dyer, and published in pamphlet form. Though probably not absolutely correct, it is a proof of the value of Phonography for reporting, that the work can be so well done under the disadvantageous circumstances of a most crowded, and necessarily confused out-door meeting. Mr. Dyer, and Messrs Andrews & Boyle, have publication offices at 66 South Third street, Philadelphia, and 22 Spruce street, New York, where they have for sale all the necessary elementary books to teach the art of Phonography.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

SEVEN DAYS

LATER FROM EUROPE.

Arrival of the Cambria.

The Cambria sailed from Liverpool on the 5th inst. and arrived at this port on Saturday last the 19th inst.

Revolution, or at least open and armed resistance to the Government, has at last commenced in Ireland. The *Liverpool Mail* gives the following account of the first abortive and absurd attempt at rebellion.

On Saturday morning, at 3 o'clock, intelligence was received at Kilkenny that O'Brien, Meagher, Doheny, O'Reilly and Dillion had been proclaimed traitors: that rewards had been offered for their apprehension. Notices to this effect were posted up all over the country. Scarcely had the announcement been made at Kilkenny, when Mr. Blake, the County Inspector of Constabulary, resolved to undertake the important duty which the Lord-Lieutenant's proclamation pointed out. He started from Kilkenny shortly after daybreak, and reaching Harley-park, ascertained there that Smith O'Brien and the other proclaimed traitors had passed the night among the colliers (or "Black Boys") of Boulagh Common, within a mile of Ballingarry.

Mr. Blake sent a messenger to Callan, where the constabulary of the surrounding district were concentrated. These, to the number of fifty or sixty men, he directed to march to the Common of Boulagh, a distance of ten Irish miles. A strong military force moved at once from Kilkenny to the same point. Military reinforcements of the most complete and overwhelming kind from Thurles, Fethard, Clonmel, Templemore and Cashel, all concentrated on the spot which had been pointed out as the headquarters of the rebel army.—While these preparations were in progress, a band of policemen from Callan, about 50, had already penetrated to the center of disaffection, and checked the rebellion.

The police marching to the Common of Boulagh, found Smith O'Brien and his associates there were an overwhelming force, ready to give them battle. The bell of the nearest Roman Catholic Chapel had been rung as soon as they were seen approaching, and crowds of persons were momentarily flocking to the ranks of the insurgents. Finding himself in danger of being surrounded and cut off, Chief Constable Trant threw his men into a substantial slated house which stands on an eminence close to the common. Here they were speedily assailed by the armed mob without, and by their leaders. Mr. Smith O'Brien went up to them with a brace of pistols in his hands, and called on them to surrender their arms, promising them if they complied their persons would be safe.

While he parleyed and endeavoured to fraternize by shaking hands with the men through the windows, his adherents were very coolly piling hay and straw at the entrance of the house, with a view of suffocating the poor fellows within, or burning them alive. The time was now come for action, but the Police did not use their muskets till several shots had been fired at them and stones thrown in on them through the window. One account says they fired a volley, another that they fired only three shots. Certain, however, it is that two men were killed, and that a third expired shortly after. It is also currently reported that one of Smith O'Brien's friends was wounded in the knee.

The effect of this determined conduct was that the crowd retreated; and although Smith O'Brien urged them over and over again to go and pull down the house, they would not attempt it. The Roman Catholic clergymen of the district, it is said, arrived at this time on the scene of strife, and implored the people to abstain from violence. Smith O'Brien and his friends then appeared to have got disgusted. Declaring that as the people would not stand by him he would not stand by them, he fled across the country on a chief conspirator's horse, and, rumours say, in the direction of Urlingford.

By this time, a reinforcement of constabulary just arrived from Cashel, and soon after, strong bodies of cavalry, artillery and infantry came pouring in from every quarter. By the time they had arrived, the utmost tranquility prevailed. The military bivouacked on the open field—it raining in torrents.

The *Mail* is a Tory paper, but its account of this affair agrees substantially with that given by such of the Repeal papers as have not been suppressed. The *Dublin Freeman*, however, insists that the number of armed rebels at Ballingary was not 1000, but only about 200. The clergymen of many of the parishes strongly advised their flocks to abstain from armed resistance to the authorities. It was rumored that O'Brien has escaped on board a vessel bound from Limerick to this country, and other accounts state that he was still lurking in the mines. The editors of the *Felon*, the *Drogheda Argus*, and the Cork *Northern Reporter* have been arrested for high treason. The Irish League Rooms in Dublin, and the offices of the *Nation* the *Felon*, and the *Tribune*, have been seized.

Several letters have been published in the *Tribune* and one or two other morning papers, in this city, purporting to give a day's later intelligence and an account of an attack of the British forces, 6,000 strong, under Col. McGregor, and General McDonald, upon the mountain-pass where O'Brien, and his friends and followers have assembled and encamped. The troops are said to have been defeated. The intelligence, it is asserted by the writers of those letters, is carefully suppressed by the Government by a censorship upon the press, and an oath of secrecy required from the passengers by the trains from the neighbourhood of the mountain Slievenamon which is only twenty miles from Cork. The whole story, we presume, was manufactured in Ireland, or this city, to influence public opinion and keep up the excitement to fever heat.

On the night of the 22d and 23d a sudden attack was made, during a violent storm, by the Austrians upon the Piedmontese near Villafranca, Somma Campagna, and Sona, in which the latter were defeated, after some severe fighting. The contest was renewed on the succeeding day, with the same result, and the Piedmontese had fallen back and recrossed the Mincio, pursued by the Austrians, to Goito. The Provisional Government of Lombardy has been dissolved, and Charles Albert declared Dictator, but previous to its dissolution, an earnest application for assistance was made to France. Should the French Government interfere a general European war is highly probable.

In Rome the people have demanded an immediate declaration of war against Austria which the Pope refused, and the ministry immediately resigned. A new ministry had not been formed at the latest dates, and the mob had attacked the Castle of St. Angelo, and repulsed thence, had invaded the Chamber of Deputies with loud shouts of "To arms!" Some suspicion is thrown upon the Pope's peace policy, as prompted by Austrian intrigue.

The Assembly of the Germanic Empire at Frankfort has rejected all motions for the independency of Posen.

The negotiations between Denmark and Prussia are entirely at an end, and hostilities were to commence again on the 27th.

Cabrera and the other Carlist leaders in Spain have been defeated in various engagements, and have been compelled to divide their forces into small bands and seek safety in flight. The medical attendants of Queen Isabel are in doubt whether her Majesty has miscarried.

France is quiet, and the news from Paris entirley destitute of interest.

Married.

In Utica, August 9, Professor S. F. B. MORSE, of Poughkeepsie, inventor of the Magnetic Telegraph, to Miss SARAH E. GRISWOLD, of New Orleans.

In Andover, Mass. 8th inst., PROF. R. D. C. ROBBINS, of Middlebury College, to SARAH, daughter of Prof. Moses Stuart, of A.

Died.

In Essex, Mass. on Wednesday morning, 16th inst., of cholera infantum, JOHN HOWARD, youngest child and only son of Rev. John Prince, formerly of Danvers, aged 16 months and 17 days.

At her residence, (England,) ANN, widow of the late William Cobbett, aged 74.

NOTICES.

MEETINGS IN WESTERN NEW YORK.

Adin Ballow and E. D. Hudson will attend the Anti-Slavery Pic Nic at West Winfield on the 6th and 7th of Sept. and after hold meetings as follows:

LITCHFIELD, *Friday, Sept. 8th at 1 and 6 o'clock P. M.*
Trenton, Saturday 9th at 6 P. M.
" Sunday, 10th at 10 A. M. and at 1 and 6 P. M.
Norway, Herk. co. on Monday 11th at 1 and 6 P. M.
Fairfield Tuesday 12th 10 A. M. and 1 and 6 P. M.
Little Falls Wednesday 13th.
Newville Thursday, 14th at 10 A. M. and 1 and 6 P. M.
NEWVILLE, *Sept. 12th at 2 and 6 o'clock P. M.*

The friends in each of these localities are expected to engage places of meeting and give the necessary notices to secure the attendance of the people.

ANTI-SLAVERY PIC-PIC AT WEST-WINFIELD, ON SEPTEMBER 6th, 1848.

The friends of the slave will hold a Pic-Nic at the time above mentioned, where a variety of useful and ornamental articles will be exhibited for sale. The Pic Nic will commence at 10 A. M. and continue through the day. The friends of the Anti-Slavery enterprise in the region of Central New York, are respectfully invited to attend. Three millions of our brothers and sisters in chains and Slavery, the slave-power triumphant in the annexation of Texas and the Mexican war, will soon make farther aggressions unless the slumbering North is awakened. Come all that have a wish to do something for the oppressed bondman, let us not falter, come to the rescue.

The following well-known advocates of human rights are expected to be in attendance and address the people, ADIN BALLOU and Dr. E. D. HUDSON, of Massachusetts.

There will also be an Anti-Slavery meeting on the 7th of September, to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.

MARANDA A. E. GREEN,
SARAH GUILD,
HANNAH BUCKLIN,
EMELINE MURDOCK,
HENRIETTA BISBY,
EVELINE RIDER,
SUSAN BROWN,
DOLLY THOMAS,
LAURA ELDRED,
PHEBE BACKUS,
JULIA ANN EATON,
LAURA TURNER,
SOPHLORA THOMAS,
LAURA COLBURN,
AMANDA HARDING.

West Winfield, August 3d, 1848.

STATED MEETING OF THE CLARKSON ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY

will be held in New Garden Lyceum House, Chester county Pennsylvania, on Saturday, August 26th, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

COATES PRESTON, *Rec. Sec.*

THE GREAT NATIONAL CONVENTION OF COLOURED FREEMEN

of the United States, will be held in CLEVELAND, OHIO commencing on WEDNESDAY, the 6th day of September next.

Let the Coloured Freemen ALL rally to this important gathering. This is a CRISIS, and something we MUST and WILL DO!

We hope to see the East, North, South and West, come up in one mighty, unbroken phalanx, to do battle for God and humanity!

Signed, by request of Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Ohio, (the Western parts of New York and Pennsylvania being ready:)

M. R. DELANY.

HAMILTON, OHIO, June 6, 1848.

FIFTEENTH

National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

The undersigned, earnestly desiring the abolition of Slavery, have been led, by the strength of their wish, carefully to consider what means may be found sufficient for the accomplishment of this great and holy object. They find that Slavery exists through the selfishness, the ignorance, the cowardice, the hypocrisy of the people. If the nation could be made more conscientious, disinterested, courageous, enlightened, and true to its own political and religious principles, the work were done. Until enough sanity of spirit can be awakened in the land to make the clergyman, the farmer, the lawyer, the mechanic, the merchant and the politician, willing to renounce their hopes of worldly success, and see their respective careers of individual advancement closed up as parently forever, by their allegiance to Freedom;—to make the women of the land feel themselves disgraced by their indifference to such a cause as this;—to make the Christians and citizens of the land willing to bear the suffering and odium consequent upon an adherence to the right against law and custom:—until this can be accomplished, the Southern slaveholders are upheld in their sin by the powerful support of Christian fellowship, social sanction, and civil participation.

We determine, therefore, to strike at once at the root of Slavery, by appealing to the hearts and consciences of men and withdrawing their allegiance from such shameful cruelty and wrong, by the continual presentation of the paramount claims of Freedom and Humanity. Union being strength that fact decides us to co-operate with any whose principles prove them to be trustworthy; who make the abolition of Slavery their primary object; and who, in addition to their honesty of purpose, have sense and sagacity enough to make them safe coadjutors, by securing them from becoming the prey of the selfish set of hypocritical adventurers that every moral revolution calls forth. We find such a sufficient and trustworthy body nowhere but in the American Anti Slavery Society. Years of close observation of its righteous principles and uncompromising practical workings, assure us that it has the elements of success. It continually sends forth lecturers to enforce the principles of justice and humanity among the people, and in a few years is found thereby to have exercised a controlling influence for good throughout the country. It dictates the course and bends the policy of every political party; and, speaking as it does from a height above their selfish personal struggles, its words of everlasting truth are heard, and more and more obeyed. While calling on all to unite with it it has ever, by the energy and rectitude of its progress, been free without license, and elective without invidiousness. It is not too much to say in its praise, that its cause and its course repel all but the wise, the good, and the bold from active co-operation with it, and brand with dishonour the hand that approaches it to make it the instrument of any selfish purpose. It has no local attachments, no partisan or sectarian partialities, no hidden aim, no double purpose; while, at the same time, every observer notices how happily its labours prepare the way for every good work; for, though specific in its object, its great principle of *immediate individual reform*, without awaiting the gradualisms of party politics, legislative action, and judicial decision, is one of universal application.

This, therefore, is the mode of operation which commends itself to our reason and feelings. The agents and friends which such an association of necessity draws forth, are the ones that we wish to sustain. The periodicals that such an association employs are the ones that we wish to circulate. In the councils of such a body where all persons have equal rights of membership, the *whole* collective energy and judgment are constantly in use, and the chances and means of success consequently doubled.

Hence we find it to be our duty, in preparing for the FIFTEENTH NATIONAL ANTI SLAVERY BAZAAR, to commence in FANEUIL HALL BOSTON, on Thursday, DECEMBER 21st, to devote the funds then raised, to sustain the AMERICAN ANTI SLAVERY SOCIETY, in its sacred work of moral agitation and revolution in behalf of the enslaved, and confidently appeal to all good hearts EVERYWHERE, in aid of so noble an enterprise.

M. W. Chapman,
Ann T. G. Phillips,
Helen E. Garrison,
Mary May,
Eliza Lee Follen,
Sarah S. Russell,
Louisa Loring,
Mary Young,
Mary Wiley,
Anne Warren Weston,
Maria Lowell,
Frances Mary Robbins,
Lydia Parker,
Harriet B. Hall,
Catharine Sargent,
Sarah B. Shaw,
Mary G. Chapman,
Caroline Weston,
Susan C. Cabot,
Henrietta Sargent,
Hannah Tufts,
Eliza F. Meriam,
Caroline F. Williams,
Evelina A. S. Smith,
Sarah H. Southwick,
Ann R. Bramhall,
Harriet T. White,
Abby Francis,
Abby Southwick,
Harriet M. Jackson.

All persons desiring the privilege of co-operating with us in this joyful and holy work, are informed that the pecuniary value of donations of money and materials, is doubled to the cause through the means of the Bazaar, by the care, skill, and ingenuity which are entrusted with their management.—*Supplies for the refreshment table are particularly desired.*

Friends of the cause aware of the advantages accruing to it from The Liberty Bell, are requested to forward their donations and articles *immediately*, or as soon as convenient.

Friends in England, Scotland, and Ireland, are requested to address their contributions as usual, to MARIA W. CHAPMAN, care of A. W. Weston, 21 Cornhill, Boston.

Contributions and letters from the American side of the Atlantic, hitherto addressed to M. W. Chapman, may be addressed to ANNE W. WESTON.

Communications from friends in the country respecting lodgings for ladies intending to furnish tables, should be addressed to ELIZA F. MERIAM, Boston.

Members of the Committee who will be in Europe during the remainder of the year, will be most happy to receive donations for the purchase of choice and rare foreign articles for the Bazaar. Address CAROLINE WESTON, 21 Cornhill, Boston.

Every friend who furnished evergreen for the decoration of the Hall last year, is entreated, for the sake of the cause, to continue the same good office, by *seasonably* gathering the requisite "running green," and red cedar trees, and bringing them to Boston, on Saturday, December 13th, thus allowing the indispensable three days before the 21st, for the arrangements.

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Muslin de Lain, plain and neatly figured, all wool.
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Flannels 4-4 good, and price low. Canton Flannels, white and coloured.
Table Diaper and Cloths, of different styles.
Apron and Furniture Check. Cotton Handkerchiefs.
Cotton Twilled Pantaloon Stuffs. Also Linen Drilling, &c.
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The whole stock, exclusively, FREE LABOUR GOODS, to which the subscriber would invite the attention of Country Merchants, as well as his friends and the public generally.

Much pains are taken by the Managers of the Free Produce Association, to assist the subscriber to enlarge the assortment from time to time.

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Miscellany.

From Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper.

FINAL MEMOIRS OF CHARLES LAMB.

BY THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

How greatly will the character of Lamb be exalted in the world's mind by these volumes. The sportive essayist, the wit, the whimsical man is here revealed as the life-long sufferer from a tremendous tragedy. How deep, how affectionate, will be the regard paid to his memory—how full and earnest the devotion offered at his grave. We have here the most affecting picture of a man consecrating his existence to the noblest duty. A sister becomes to him hallowed by an appealing deed of which she is the unconscious instrument? Who that reads the quaint happiness of Elia can imagine that the spirit of the writer is crucified by daily anxiety for one of the gentlest and wisest of creatures, the uncertain victim of recurring madness. 'While his frailties,' says Serjeant Talfourd, 'have received an ample share of that indulgence which he extended to all human weaknesses, their chief exciting cause has been hidden.' It is hidden no longer: and the world, in its enlarged charity for the weaknesses of one of the noblest of God's creatures, will also feel a profounder reverence for the undying beauty of his self-devotion.

Lamb himself—but we give, to the astonishment of the reader, the following extract from a letter of Lamb to Coleridge, written in the spring of 1796:—

"I know not what suffering scenes you have gone through at Bristol. My life has been somewhat diversified of late. The six weeks that finished last year and began this, your very humble servant spent very agreeably in a madhouse, at Hoxton. I am got somewhat rational now, and don't bite any one. But mad I was! And many a vagary my imagination played with me, enough to make a volume, if it all were told. My sonnets I have extended to the number of nine since I saw you, and will some day communicate to you. I am beginning a poem in blank verse, which, if I finish, I publish. White is on the eve of publishing (he took the hint from Vortigern) "Original Letters of Falstaff, Shallow," &c., a copy you shall have when it comes out. They are without exception the best imitations I ever saw. Coleridge! it may convince you of my regards for you when I tell you my head ran on you in my madness, as much almost as on another person, who I am inclined to think was the more immediate cause of my temporary frenzy.'

From the *Times* of the 26th of September, 1796, Serjeant Talfourd extracts the details of the terrible calamity of which we have already spoken. It appears that Miss Lamb was worn down to a state of extreme nervous misery, by attention to needlework by day and to her mother by night, until the insanity which had been manifested more than once broke out into phrenzy. We give the quoted report of the inquest:—

"On Friday afternoon, the coroner and a jury sat on the body of a lady in the neighbourhood of Holborn, who died in consequence of a wound from her daughter the preceeding day. It appeared, by the evidence adduced, that, while the family were preparing for dinner, the young lady seized a case-knife lying on the table, and in a menacing manner pursued a little girl, her apprentice, round the room. On the calls of her infirm mother to forbear, she renounced her first object, and, with loud shrieks, approached her parent. The child, by her cries, quickly brought up the landlord of the house, but too late. The dreadful scene presented to him the mother lifeless, pierced to the heart, on a chair, her daughter yet wildly standing over her with the fatal knife, and the old man, her father, weeping by her side, himself bleeding at the forehead from the effects of a severe blow he received from one of the forks she had been madly hurling about the room."

The following letter was written by Lamb to Coleridge:—

"White, or some of my friends, or the public papers by this time may have informed you of the terrible calamities that have fallen on our family. I will only give you the outlines:—My poor dear, dearest sister, in a fit of insanity, has been the death of her own mother. I was at hand only time enough to snatch the knife out of her grasp. She is at present in a madhouse, from whence I fear she must be removed to an hospital. God has preserved to me my senses,—I eat, and drink, and sleep, and have my judgement, I believe, very sound. My poor father was slightly wounded, and I am left to take care of him and my aunt. Mr. Norris, of the Bluecoat School, has been very kind to us, and we have no other friend; but, thank God, I am very calm and composed, and able to do the best that remains to do. Write as religious a letter as possible, but no mention of what is gone and done with. With me 'the former things are passed away,' and I have something more to do than to feel.

"God Almighty have us well in His keeping.
C. Lamb.

"Mention nothing of poetry. I have destroyed every vestige of past vanities of that kind. Do as you please, but if you publish, publish mine (I give free leave) without name or initial, and never send me a book, I charge you.

"Your own judgement will convince you not to take any notice of this yet to your dear wife. You look after your family,—I have my reason and strength left to take care of mine. I charge you don't think of coming to see me—write. I will not see you if you come. God Almighty love you and all of us."
C. Lamb.

Miss Lamb was removed to an asylum. Lamb visits her, and thus writes again to Coleridge:—

"I have seen her. I found her, this morning, calm and serene; far, very far from an indecent forgetful serenity; she has a most affectionate and tender concern for what has happened. Indeed, from the beginning, frightful and hopeless as her disorder seemed, I had confidence enough in her strength of mind, and religious principle, to look forward to a time when even *she* might recover tranquility. God be praised, Coleridge, wonderful as it is to tell, I have never once been otherwise than collected and calm; even on the dreadful day, and in the midst of the terrible scene, I preserved a tranquility which bystanders may have construed into indifference—a tranquility not of despair. It is folly or sin in me to say that it was a religious principle that *most* supported me? I allow much to other favourable circumstances. I felt that I had something else to do than to regret. On that first evening, my aunt was lying insensible, to all appearance like one dying—my father, with his poor forehead plaistered over, from a wound he had received from a daughter dearly loved by him, and who loved him no less dearly, my mother a dead and murdered corpse in the next room, yet I was wonderfully supported. I closed not my eyes in sleep that night, but lay without terrors and without despair. I have lost no sleep since. I had been long used not to rest in things of sense,—had endeavoured after a comprehension of mind, unsatisfied with the 'ignorant present time,' and *this* kept me up. I had the whole weight of the family thrown on me; for my brother, little disposed (I speak not without tenderness for him) at any time to take care of old age and infirmities, had now, with his bad leg, an exemption from such duties, and I was now left alone. One little incident may serve to make you understand my way of managing my mind. Within a day or two after the fatal one, we dressed for dinner a tongue which we had salted for some weeks in the house. As I sat down, a feeling like remorse struck me;—this tongue poor Mary got for me, and I can partake of it now, when she is far away! A thought occurred and relieved me,—if I give into this way of feeling, there is not a chair, a room, an object in our rooms, that will not awaken the keenest griefs; I must rise above such weaknesses. I hope this was not want of true feeling. I did not let this carry me, though, too far. On the very second day (I date from the day of horrors), as is usual in such cases, there were a matter of twenty people, I do think, supping in our room; they prevailed with me to eat *with them* (for to eat I never refused.) They were all making merry in the room! Some had come from friendship, some from busy curiosity, and some from interest; I was going to partake with them; when my recollection came that my poor dead mother was lying in the next room, the very next room: a mother who, through life, wished nothing but her children's welfare. Indignation, the rage of grief, something like remorse, rushed upon my mind. In an agony of emotion I found my way mechanically to the adjoining room, and fell on my knees by the side of her coffin, asking forgiveness of Heaven, and sometimes of her, forgetting her so soon. Tranquility returned, and it was the only violent emotion that mastered me and I think it did me good."

In another letter to Coleridge, Lamb writes:—

'Mary continues serene and cheerful. I have not by me a little letter she wrote to me; for, though I see her almost every day, yet we delight to write to one another, for we can scarce see each other but in company with some of the people of the house. I have not the letter by me, but will quote from memory what she wrote in it:—'I have no bad terrifying dreams. At midnight, when I happen to wake, the nurse sleeping by the side of me, with the noise of the poor people around me, I have no fear. The spirit of my mother seems to descend and smile upon me, and bid me live to enjoy the life and reason which the Almighty has given me. I shall see her again in heaven; she will then understand me better. My grandmother, too, will understand me better, and will then say no more, as she used to do, 'Polly, what are those poor crazy moythered brains of yours thinking of always?' Poor Mary! my mother indeed *never understood* her right. She loved her, as she loved us all, with a mother's love; but in opinion, in feeling, and sentiment, and disposition, bore so distant a resemblance to her daughter, that she never understood her right; never could believe how much *she* loved her; but met her caresses, her protestations of filial affection, too frequently with coolness and repulse. Still she was a good mother. God forbid I should think of her but *most* respectfully, *most* affectionately."

In another painful letter Lamb speaks of his wretched home where his old father—in his dotage—compels him to join him in repeated games of cribbage. The poor old man, in a dim unconsciousness of mind, had still played at cards whilst the inquest was proceeding in the next room. However—

"Death [writes Serjeant Talfourd] released the father from his state of imbecility and the son from his wearisome duties. With his life, the annuity he had derived from the old bencher he had served so faithfully, ceased; while the aunt continued to linger still with Lamb in his cheerless lodging. His sister still remained in confinement in the asylum to which she had been consigned on her mother's death—perfectly sensible and calm,—and he was passionately desirous of obtaining her liberty. The surviving members of the family, especially his brother John, who enjoyed a fair income in the South Sea House, opposed her discharge;—and painful doubts were suggested by the authorities of the parish, where the terrible occurrence happened, whether they were not bound to institute proceedings, which must have placed her for life at the disposition of the Crown, especially as no medical assurance could be given against the probable recurrence of dangerous frenzy. But Charles came to her deliverance; he satisfied all the parties who had power to oppose her release, by his solemn engagement that he would take her under his care for life; and he kept his word. Whether any communication with the Home Secretary occurred before her release, I have been unable to ascertain; it was the impression of Mr. Lloyd, from whom my knowledge of the circumstances, which the letters do not ascertain, was derived, that a communication took place, on which a similar pledge was given; at all events, the result was, that she left the asylum and took up her abode for life with her brother Charles. For her sake, at the same time, he abandoned all thoughts of love and marriage; and with an income of scarcely more than £100 a-year derived from his clerkship, aided for a little while by the old aunt's small annuity, set out on the journey of life at twenty-two years of age, cheerfully, with his beloved companion, endeared to him the more by her strange calamity, and the constant apprehension of a recurrence of the malady which had caused it!

"The illness of the poor old aunt brought on the confirmation of Lamb's fears respecting his sister's malady. After lingering a short time, she died; but before this, Miss Lamb's incessant attendance upon her produced a recurrence of insanity; 'Lamb was obliged to place her under medical care; and, left alone, wrote the following short and miserable letter:—

"To Mr. Coleridge.

"My dear Coleridge, I don't know why I write, except from the propensity misery has to tell her griefs. Hetty died on Friday night, about eleven o'clock, after her long illness; Mary, in consequence of fatigue and anxiety, is fallen ill again, and I was obliged to remove her yesterday. I am left alone in a house with nothing but Hetty's dead body to keep me company. To-morrow I bury her, and then I shall be quite alone, with nothing but a cat, to remind me that the house has been full of living beings like myself. My heart is quite sunk, and I don't know where to look for relief. Mary will get better again, but her constantly being liable to such relapses is dreadful; nor is it the least of our evils that her case and all our story is so well known around us. We are in a manner *marked*. Excuse *my troubling you, but I have nobody by me to* speak to me. I slept out last night, not being able to endure the change and the stillness. But I did not sleep well, and I must come back to my own bed. I am going to try and get a friend to come and be with me to-morrow. I am completely shipwrecked. My head is quite bad. I almost wish that Mary was dead. God bless you. Love to Sara and Hartley.
C. Lamb."

In another letter Lamb writes of his sister:—'I consider her as perpetually on the brink of madness. I think you could almost make her dance within an inch of the precipice." And Lamb for his whole life was haunted by this impending calamity. It was necessary at certain seasons that Miss Lamb should submit herself to restraint. How terribly is the self-preparation for such discipline described below. Serjeant Talfourd speaks of a yearly holiday of "the Lambs"—a holiday too frequently followed by the insane mood. Thus:—

"When they ventured to take it, *a straight-waistcoat, carefully packed by Miss Lamb herself, was their constant companion.* Sad experience, at last, induced the abandonment of the annual excursion, and Lamb was contented with walks in and near London, during the interval of labour. Miss Lamb experienced, and full well understood premonitory symptoms of the attack, in restlessness, low fever, and the inability to sleep; and, as gently as possible, prepared her brother for the duty he must soon perform; and thus, unless he could stave off the terrible separation till Sunday, obliged him to ask leave of absence from the office as if for a day's pleasure—a bitter mockery! On one occasion Mr. Charles Lloyd met them, slowly pacing together a little footpath in Hoxton fields, *both weeping bitterly*, and found on joining them, that they were taking *their solemn way to the accustomed Asylum!*

"Will any one, acquainted with these secret passages of Lamb's history, wonder that, with a strong physical inclination for the stimulus and support of strong drinks—which man is framed moderately to rejoice in—he should snatch some wild pleasure 'between the acts' (as he called them) 'of his distressful drama,' and that, still more, during the loneliness of the solitude created by his sister's absences, he should obtain the solace of an hour's feverish dream? That notwithstanding that frailty, he performed the duties of his hard lot with exemplary steadiness and discretion is indeed wonderful—especially when it is recollected that he had himself been visited, when in the dawn of manhood, with his sister's malady, the seeds of which were doubtless in his frame. While that natural predisposition may explain some occasional flightiness of expression on serious matters, fruit of some wayward fancy which flitted through his brain, without disturbing his constant reason or reaching his heart, and some little extravagances of fitful mirth, how does it heighten the moral courage by which the disease was controlled and the severest duties performed! Never surely was there a more striking example of the power of a virtuous, rather say of a pious, wish to conquer the fiery suggestions of latent insanity than that presented by Lamb's history."

Serjeant Talfourd thus beautifully "sums up" the character of Mary Lamb:—

"In all her thoughts and feelings she was most womanly—keeping, under even undue subordination, to her notion of a woman's province, intellect of rare excellence, which flashed out when the restraints of gentle habit and humble manner were withdrawn by the terrible force of disease. Though her conversation in sanity was never marked by smartness or repartee; seldom rising beyond that of a sensible quiet gentlewoman appreciating and enjoying the talents of her friends, it was otherwise in her madness. Lamb, in his letter to a female friend, announcing his determination to be entirely with her, speaks of her pouring out memories of all the events and persons of her younger days; but he does not mention, what I am able from repeated experience to add, that her ramblings often sparkled with brilliant description and shattered beauty. She would fancy herself in the days of Queen Anne or George the First; and describe the brocaded dames and courtly manners, as though she had been bred among them, in the best style of the old comedy. It was all broken and disjointed, so that the hearer could remember little of her discourse; but the fragments were like the jewelled speeches of Congreve, only shaken from their setting. There was sometimes even a vein of crazy logic running through them, associating things essentially most dissimilar, but connecting them by a verbal association in strange order. As a mere physical instance of deranged intellect, her condition was, I believe, extraordinary; it was as if the finest elements of mind had been shaken into fantastic combinations like those of a kaleidoscope; but not for the purpose of exhibiting a curious phenomenon of mental aberration are the aspects of her insanity unveiled, but to illustrate the moral force of gentleness by which the faculties that thus sparkled when restraining wisdom was withdrawn, were subjected to its sway, in her periods of reason."

The reader's heart will warm as he peruses the subjoined testimony to the prevailing goodness of Lamb's life:—

"He used to seek out occasions of devoting a part of his surplus to those of his friends whom he believed it would really serve, and almost forced loans, or gifts in the disguise of loans, upon them. If he thought one in such a position would be the happier for £50 or £100, he would carefully procure a note for the sum, and perhaps for days before he might meet the object of his friendly purpose, kept the note in his waistcoat pocket, burning in it to be produced, and, when the occasion arrived—'in the sweet of the night,—he would crumple it into his hand and stammer out his difficulty of disposing of a little money; 'I don't know what to do with it—pray take it—pray use it—you will do me a kindness if you will'—he would say; and it was hard to disoblige him! Let any one who has been induced to regard Lamb as a poor, slight excitable, and excited being, consider that such acts as these were not unfrequent—that he lavished hospitality of a substantial kind, without stint, all his life—that he spared no expense for the comfort of his sister, *there* only lavish—and that he died leaving sufficient to accomplish all his wishes for survivors—and think what the sturdy quality of his goodness must have been amidst all the heart-aches of his life—and ask the virtue which has been supported by strong nerves, whether it has often produced any good to match it!

There are many new letters of Lamb's—pregnant with his peculiar meanings, his humours, his hoaxes, his whimsies—and Serjeant Talfourd has further enriched the work with sketches of the Lamb circle; of the men who gathered about Elia once a week, making a glorious Wednesday. This is a most delightful addition to our literary gossip. The Serjeant has made it a labour of love; it is all earnestly, affectionately written; with the spirit and flush of vital, old regards.

The portrait of Goodwin is capitally drawn. We take from it an anecdote characteristic of his philosophy:—

"He asked his friends for aid without scruple, considering that their means were justly the due of one who toiled in thought for their inward life, and had little time to provide for his own outward existence; and took their excuses, when offered, without doubt or offence. The very next day after I had been honoured and delighted by an introduction to him at Lamb's chambers I was made still more proud and happy by his appearance at my own on such an errand—which my poverty, not my will rendered abortive. After some pleasant chat on indifferent matters, he carlessly observed that he had a little bill for £150 falling due on the morrow, which he had forgotten till that morning, and desired the loan of the necessary amount for a few weeks. At first, in eager hope of being able thus to oblige one whom I regarded with admiration akin to awe, I began to consider whether it was possible for me to raise such a sum; but alas! a moment's reflection sufficed to convince me that the hope was vain, and I was obliged, with much confusion, to assure my distinguished visitor how glad I should have been to serve him, but that I was only just starting as a special pleader, was obliged to write for magazines to help me on, and had not such a sum in the world. "Oh dear," said the philosopher, "I thought you were a young gentleman of fortune—don't mention it—don't mention it; I shall do very well elsewhere:"—and then, in the most gracious manner, reverted to our former topics; and sat in my small room for half an hour, as if to convince me that my want of fortune made no difference in his esteem."

The world, at least the world of letters, will heartily testify to the good will of the poor "special pleader" to lend the astounding sum of £150 to the great literary senior—from the known liberality and active sympathy of the successful Serjeant towards all men who may be struggling at the inkstand. The praise he awards to the benevolence of Lamb is also the honest due of the biographer himself. And therefore is this work from the hands of Serjeant Talfourd especially welcome—as the work of an affectionate pupil worthy of his great master; and therefore, with a full remembrance of his devotion to the noblest interests of literature, and his sympathy and proverbial good nature towards men of letters—to the worn-out quill and the quill scarce made—we accept the present work with a new sense of obligation that almost cancels the little debt of disappointment we have against the Serjeant, upon a certain speech in a certain House on a certain motion of reform of Parliament.

ANTIQUITIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

The long-expected great work upon the "*Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley*," by Messrs. E. G. Squier and E. H. Davis, which is to constitute the first volume of the "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge," we are pleased to learn, is now passing through the press, and will be published in August.* We have been favoured with a few sheets, from which we take the following passages:—*Literary World.*

Geographical Distribution of the Ancient Earth-works.—Although possessing throughout certain general points of resemblance, going to establish a kindred origin, these works, nevertheless, resolve themselves into three grand geographical divisions, which present, in may respects, striking contrasts, yet so gradually merge into each other, that it is impossible to determine where one series terminates and the other begins. In the region bordering the upper lakes, to a certain extent in Michigan, Iowa, and Missouri, but particularly in Wisconsin, we find a succession of remains, entirely singular in their form, and presenting but slight analogy to any others of which we have any account, in any portion of the globe. The larger proportion of these are structures of earth, bearing the forms of beasts, birds, reptiles, and even of men; they are frequently of gigantic dimensions, constituting huge *alto-relievos* upon the face of the country. They are very numerous, and in most cases occur in long and apparently dependent ranges. In connexion with them, are found many conical mounds and occasional short lines of embankment, in rare instances forming enclosures. These animal effigies are mainly confined to Wisconsin, and extend across that territory from Fon du Lac, in a southwestern direction, ascending the Fox river, and following the general course of the Rock and Wisconsin rivers to the Mississippi. They may be much more extensively disseminated; but it is here only that they have been observed in considerable numbers. In Michigan, as also in Iowa and Missouri, similar elevations, of more or less regular outline, are said to occur. They are represented as dispersed in ranges, like the buildings of a modern city, and covering sometimes an area of many acres.

Further to the southward, in the region watered by the Ohio and its tributaries, we find ancient works of greater magnitude and more manifest design. Among them are a few animal-shaped structures; but they seem to have been erected on different principles and for a different purpose from those just noticed. Here we find numberless mounds, most of them conical but many pyramidal in form, and often of great dimensions. The pyramidal structures are always truncated, sometimes terraced, and generally have graded ascents to their summits. They bear a close resemblance to the Teocallis of Mexico; and the known uses of the latter are suggestive of the probable purposes to which they were applied. Accompanying these, and in some instances sustaining an intimate relation to them, are numerous enclosures of earth and stone, frequently of vast size, and often of regular outline. These are by far the most imposing class of our aboriginal remains, and impress us most sensibly with the numbers and power of the people who built them. The purposes of many of these are quite obvious; and investigation has served to settle, pretty clearly, the character of most of the other works occurring in connexion with them.

Proceeding still further southwards, we find in the States bordering the Gulf of Mexico, the mounds increasing in size and regularity of form, if not in numbers. Conical mounds become comparatively rare, and the Teocalli-shaped structures become larger and more numerous, and assume certain dependencies in respect to each other, not before observed. The enclosures, on the other hand, diminish in size and numbers; and lose many of the characteristic features of those of a higher latitude, though still sustaining towards them a strong general resemblance. Here, for the first time, we find traces of bricks in the mounds and in the walls of enclosures.

Ancient Defences.—Those works which are incontestably defensive, usually occupy strong natural positions; and to understand fully their character, their capability for defence, and the nature of their entrenchments, it is necessary to notice briefly the predominant features of the country in which they occur. The valley of the Mississippi river, from the Alleghanies to the ranges of the Rocky Mountains, is a vast sedimentary basin, and owes its general aspect to the powerful agency of water. Its rivers have worn their valleys deep into a vast original plain; leaving, in their gradual subsidence, broad terraces, which mark the eras of their history. The edges of the table-lands, bordering on the valleys, are cut by a thousand ravines, presenting bluff headlands, and high hills with level summits, sometimes connected by narrow isthmuses with the original table, but occasionally entirely detached. The sides of these elevations are generally steep, and difficult of access; in some cases precipitous and absolutely inaccessible. The natural strength of such positions, and their susceptibility of defence, would certainly suggest them as the citadels of a people having hostile neighbours, or pressed by invaders. Accordingly, we are not surprised at finding these heights occupied by strong and complicated works, the design of which is no less indicated by their position than by their construction. But in such cases, it is always to be observed, that they have been chosen with great care, and that they possess peculiar strength, and have a special adaptation for the purposes to which they were applied. They occupy the highest points of land, and are never commanded from neighbouring positions. While rugged and steep on most sides, they have one or more points of comparatively easy approach, in the protection of which the utmost skill of the builders seems to have been exhausted. They are guarded by double, overlapping walls, or a series of them, having sometimes an accompanying mound, designed perhaps for a look-out; and corresponding to the barbican in the system of defence of the Britons of the middle era. The usual defence is a simple embankment, thrown up along and a little below the brow of the hill, varying in height and solidity, as the declivity is more or less steep and difficult of access.

Other defensive works occupy the peninsulas created by the rivers and large streams, or cut off the headlands formed by their junction with each other. In such cases a fossee and wall are thrown across the isthmus, or diagonally from the bank of one stream to the bank of the other. In some, the wall is double, and extends some distance along the bank of the stream some distance inwardly, as if designed to prevent an enemy from turning the flanks of the defence.

To understand clearly the nature of the works last mentioned, it should be remembered, that the banks of the western rivers are always steep, and where these works are located, invariably high. The banks of the various terraces are also steep, and vary from ten to thirty feet and more in height. The rivers are constantly shifting their channels; and they frequently cut their way through all the intermediate up to the earliest-formed, or highest terrace, presenting bold banks, inaccessibly steep, and from sixty to one hundred feet high. At such points, from which the river has, in some instances, receded to the distance of half a mile or more, works of this description are ofteness found.

And it is a fact of much importance, and worthy of special note, that within the scope of a pretty extended observation, no work of any kind has been found occupying the first or latest formed terrace. This terrace alone, except at periods of extraordinary freshets, is subject to overflow. The formation of each terrace constitutes a sort of semi-geological eras in the history of the valley; and the fact that none of the ancient works occur upon the lowest or latest formed of these, while they are found indiscriminately upon all the others, bears directly upon the question of their antiquity.

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The almost invariable presence of water within, or in immediate proximity to these enclosures, has been the occasion of frequent remark in the foregoing descriptions. In the absence of springs and streams, as also where, from position, access to such supplies of water is impracticable, we find their place supplied by reservoirs; an evidence of the forethought of the builders, as also an index to the true character of the works in which these features occur. The vast amount of labour necessary to the erection of most of these works, precludes the notion that they were hastily constructed to check a single or unexpected invasion. On the contrary, there seems to have existed a *System of Defences*, extending from the sources of the Allegheny and Susquehanna in New York, diagonally across the country, through central and northern Ohio to the Wabash. Within this range, the works which are regarded as defensive, are largest and most numerous. If an inference may be drawn from this fact, it is that the pressure of hostilities was from the north-east; or that, if the tide of emigration flowed from the south, it received its final check upon this line. On the other hypothesis, that in this region originated a semi-civilization which subsequently spread southward, constantly developing itself in its progress, until it attained its height in Mexico, we may suppose that from this direction came the hostile savage hordes, before whose incessant attacks the less warlike mound-builders gradually receded, or beneath whose exterminating cruelty those which occupied this frontier entirely disappeared, leaving these monuments alone to attest their existence, and the extraordinary skill with which they defended their altars and their homes. Upon either assumption it is clear that the contest was a protracted one, and that the race of the mounds were for a long time constantly exposed to attack. This conclusion finds its support in the fact that in the vicinity of those localities, where, from the amount of remains, it appears the ancient population was most dense, we almost invariably find one or more works of a defensive character, furnishing ready places of resort in times of danger. We may suppose that a condition of things prevailed somewhat analogous to that which attended the advance of our pioneer population, when every settlement had its little fort, to which the people flocked in case of alarm or attack.

Animal-shaped Mounds of Wisconsin.—They consist of elevations of earth, of diversified outline and various size; for the most part constituting effigies of beasts, birds, reptiles, and of the human form; but often circular, quadrangular, and of oblong shape. The circular or conical tumuli differ from those scattered over the whole country in no outward respect; excepting that they are much smaller in their average dimensions; the largest seldom exceeding fifteen feet in height. Those in the form of parallelograms are sometimes upwards of five hundred feet in length seldom less than one hundred; but in height they bear no proportion to their otherwise great dimensions, and may probably be better designated as walls, embankments, or terraces, than mounds. These works are seldom isolated, but generally occur in groups or ranges, sometimes, though not always, placed with apparent design in respect to each other. In these groups may be observed every variety of form,—the circular, quadrangular, and animal-shaped structures occurring in such connexion with each other as to fully justify the belief that they are of contemporaneous origin. At first glance, these remains are said to resemble the sites or ground-plans and foundation-lines of buildings; and it is not until their entire outline is taken into view, that the impression of an effigy becomes decided. This is not surprising, in view of the fact that they are usually of inconsiderable height, varying from one to four feet; in a few cases, however, rising as high as six feet. Their outlines are, nevertheless, represented to be distinctly defined in all cases where they occupy favourable positions. Their small altitude should cause no doubt of the fidelity of the representations which have been made of these figures; since a regular elevation of six inches can be readily traced upon the level prairies and "bottom-lands" of the West, especially when covered with turf.

Purposes of the Mounds.—The conclusion to which these researches have led is, that the mounds were so constructed for several grand and dissimilar purposes; or rather that there are different classes. The conditions upon which the classification is founded are four in number—namely: position, form, structure, and contents. In this classification, we distinguish—

1st. *Altar Mounds*, which occur either within, or in the immediate vicinity of enclosures; which are stratified, and contain altars of burned clay or stone; and which were places of sacrifice.

2d. *Temple Mounds*, which occur most usually within, but sometimes without the walls of enclosures; which possess great regularity of form; which contain neither altars nor human remains; and which were "high places" for the performance of religious rites and ceremonies, the sites of structures, or in some other way connected with the superstitions of the builders.

3d. *Mounds of Sepulture*, which stand isolated or in groups more or less remote from the enclosures; which are not stratified; which contain human remains; and which were the burial-places and monuments of the dead.

4th. *Anomalous Mounds*, including mounds of observation and such as were applied to a double purpose, or of which the design and objects are not apparent. This division includes all which do not clearly fall within the preceding three classes.

Sepulchral Mounds.—These mounds invariably cover a skeleton (in very rare instances more than one, as in the case of the Grave Creek Mound,) which at the time of its interment was enveloped in bark or coarse matting, or enclosed in a rude sarcophagus of timber,—the traces, in some instances the casts, of which remain. Occasionally the chamber of the dead is built of stone, rudely laid up, without cement of any kind. Burial by fire seems to have been frequently practised by the mound-builders. Urn burial also appears to have prevailed, to a considerable extent, in the Southern States.

Burial Rites.—The ceremonies of interment, so far as we are enabled to deduce them from these monuments, were conducted with great regularity and system. None of those disturbances mentioned by various writers, where the remains seem to have been heaped together without order and without care, have been observed in the course of these investigations, except in cases where recent deposits had been made. On the contrary, all the circumstances seem to indicate that burial was a solemn and deliberate rite, regulated by fixed customs of, perhaps, religious or superstitious origin. It is possible that, in certain cases, a particular or special pratice was prescribed. We may thus account for the presence or absence of the charcoal layers, and also for the practice of incremation in some instances and of simple inhumation in others.

Ancient Cemeteries.—It is not to be supposed that the mounds were the sole cemeteries of the race that built them. They were probably erected only over the bodies of the chieftains and priests, perhaps also over the ashes of distinguished families. The graves of the great mass of the ancient people who thronged our valleys, and the silent monuments of whose toil are seen on every hand, were not thus signalized. We scarcely know where to find them. Every day the plough uncovers crumbling remains, but they elicit no remark; are passed by and forgotten. The wasting banks of our rivers occasionally display extensive cemeteries, but sufficient attention has never been bestowed upon them to enable us to speak with any degree of certainty of their date, or to distinguish whether they belonged to the moundbuilders, or a subsequent race. These cemeteries are often of such extent, as to give a name to the locality in which they occur. Thus we hear, on the Wabash, of the "Big Bone Bank," and the "Little Bone Bank," from which, it is represented, the river annually washes many human skeletons, accompanied by numerous and singular remains of art, among which are more particularly mentioned vases and other vessels of pottery, of remarkable and often fantastic form. At various places in the States north of Ohio, thousands of graves are said to occur, placed in ranges parallel to each other. The extensive cemeteries of Tennessee and Missouri have often been mentioned, and it has been conjectured that the caves of Kentucky and Ohio were grand depositories of the dead of the ancient people. We have, however, nothing at all satisfactory upon the subject, which still continues to invite investigation. It is not improbable that many of the dead were burned, and that their ashes were heaped together, constituting mounds. Such an inference may not unreasonably be drawn from certain facts which will be preseted when we come to speak of the anomalous or unclassified mounds. It may, however, be remarked in this connexion, that no very distinct traces of the ancient burial-places can be expected to be found. If, from the mounds, where, from their protection from the action of moisture and other decomposing causes, the enclosed remains would be most likely to be well preserved, it is found almost impossible to recover a single entire bone, it is not to be wondered at that the remains of the common dead are now nearly or quite undistinguishable from the mould which surrounds them. The apparent absence, therefore, of any general cemeteries of the era of the mounds may re regarded as another and strong evidence of the remote antiquity of the monuments of the West.

Pottery of the Mounds.—Among the mound-builders, the art of pottery attained to a considerable degree of perfection. Various though not abundant specimens of their skill have been recovered, which in elegance of model, delicacy, and finish, as also in fineness of material, come fully up to the best Peruvian specimens, to which they bear, in many respects, a close resemblance. They far exceed anything of which the existing tribes of Indians are known to have been capable. It is to be regretted that none of these remains have been recovered entire in the course of our investigations: they have been found only in the altar or sacrificial mounds, and always in fragments.

The material of which they are composed is a fine clay; which, in the more delicate specimens, appears to have been worked nearly pure, possessing a very slight silicious intermixture. Some of the coarser specimens, though much superior in model, have something of the character of the Indian ware already described, pulverized quartz being mixed with the clay. Others are tempered with a salmon-coloured mica in small flakes, which gives them a ruddy and rather brilliant appearance, and was perhaps introduced with some view to ornament as well as utility. None appear to have been glazed; although one or two, either from baking or the subsequent great heat to which they were subjected, exhibit a slightly vitrified surface. Their excellent finish seems to have been the result of the same process with that adopted by the Peruvians in their fictile manufactures.

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THE SUNDAY BILL.

The tolerant Mr. Hindley has brought in a Bill to restrict Sunday trading. Now we are great advocates for Sabbath tranquility. A Sunday in England may be thought to have its dullness; but with that dullness is there not an exceeding comfort? It is a beautiful pause in the moil and toil of life; and may the day be far distant, when the shopman and the labourer shall not look towards one whole complete day in the week, when—to use a commercial phrase—he may quietly take stock of his inner self. At this time of day *Punch* need make no declaration of his unqualified dissent from the gloomy tribe of the funereal Agnews. *Punch* would not desire to have the birds dumb on the Sabbath, the flowers closed, the rivers stagnant, and the very greenness of the meadows covered up in a fog of whitey-brown. And, on the other hand, very much would *Punch* deplore a laxity that should permit even the acknowledged heroine of Domestic Drama to embody her bright fireside truths at the Victoria Theatre on the evening of the seventh day. Whilst *Punch* would not with Sir Andrew, put everybody in sackcloth on a Sunday, neither would he permit anybody to wear the motley. It is good that men should take their seasonable pleasures on the seventh day: it is good that they should innocently and heartily enjoy the great First Day of Rest: and the poorer the man's lot, the greater his right to the enjoyment; for with him the hours of Sunday are doubly precious. Was it not the wise all tolerant Fenelon who, when a *cure* complained that his parishioners would dance on a Sunday, answered him with a soul of goodness:—"These poor people work all the week, and may if they will, without blame, dance on Sundays. But you, Mons. Cure, and myself—you and I, who do not work all the week—let not us dance on Sundays."

We would therefore, have Parliament legislate with scrupulous tenderness towards the poor man, in this projected Sabbath enactment. Many suspicious little meddlings have been already menaced. Somebody in the debate threatened a crusade against the peripatetic sale of oranges. Now, surely; there can be no harm in a Sabbath orange. The men—mostly of the Hebrew tribe—who proffer the grateful fruit, do not, with their nets, like the Evil One, fish for unwary souls. Neither do we think a pint of shrimps sold, and picked, and eaten on Sundays, are therefore shrimps from the Lake of Darkness. Ginger-pop carries with it no alarming thunder to our conscience; and we can, with no dread of after remorse, serenly contemplate even the foaming periwig of an overrunning pot of ale. "Where virtue is, these are more virtuous."

Sure we are that the excellent Lord Morpeth is an advocate for Sunday recreation. Or wherefore—for we see the amenity published in the papers—wherefore, by order of the Woods and Forests (by command of bounteous Pan) have "upwards of two hundred chairs been placed in Hyde Park, and a proportionate number in St. James's Park, for the public accommodation?" Why, to the end that the people, to whom Sabbath is double rest and double sweetness, may, at their ease, contemplate the feathered pensioners of Her Majesty's Civil List. It would be well, too—would certainly afford pleasant matter for reflection—were all the pensioners at least as useful as the swans, and ducks, and Solan-geese, and all the variety of shovellers and waders disporting in the stream, and unconsciously drawing forth the humanities of little children, prodigal of cake and biscuit.

It is our stubborn faith that the black swan, the noble stranger from the Antipodes, is a source of quite as much benefit and pleasure to Her Majesty's subjects, as the Hereditary Grand-Falconer; and—not that we desire to be taken as an authority on the fact—and doubtless hardly costs the people more money. Indeed, if the mob of ladies and gentlemen of the Civil List could be brought into St. James's Inclosure, and fairly confronted with their fellow pensioners in feathers, it is our belief that every *bipes implumis* would feel humiliated by a sense of usefulness conveyed in the self-comparison. Besides, the ducks and geese on the ornamental water—the web-footed pensioners—may in due course be stuffed with sage and onion, and so be eaten. Now, we do not believe that even Mr. Hume could ever think of putting the Grand Falconers upon the spit.

To return to the immediate purpose of the Bill. It is just now one of the measures always brought in at an advanced stage of the Session, to make a show of business, and be duly withdrawn. We shall hear but little more of it for the present year. It is said, however, that Mr. Spooner has a few clauses—cut and very much dried—to propose, to equalize the law, wherever the subject shall be agitated, between rich and poor. We give a few of the enactments:—

"That no lady or gentleman soever (bishops inclusive) shall ride to church on Sundays: That no footman shall be employed to carry a prayer-book for master or mistress:

"That if the sale of oranges be forbidden in the streets, the delivery of pine-apples shall be forbidden at private houses:

"That if shrimps are not to be sold, under a penalty, at Bagnigge Wells, neither shall lobsters be supplied at the Athenæum, the Reform, and other Clubs:

"That if bake-houses are closed on the Sunday, every family keeping servants shall cook on the Saturday, that they may dine cold on the "Sabbath."—*Punch.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

The report that the Prince de Joinville has been suffering from ill health is contradicted.

The *Trinidadian* says: "From all we have seen and heard, our conviction is, that if there be a field on the face of the earth that will repay the cost of cultivation, and amply reward the cultivator. Trinidad is that field."

The *Manchester Examiner* considers the Young Ireland leaders "from the 'King of Munster' down to Thomas M'Kee (notwithstanding their talent for writing, speaking, and mischief,) a pack of energetic fiddle-faddles playing at a rebellion."

The *Barbadoes Liberal* says of a class of proprietors, those whose estates are deeply mortgaged: "They are the most clamourous declaimers against free labour in the colonies; in no other quarter is the free labourer subjected to greater exaction—more systematically cheated and oppressed, than by them. They can't afford to be just."

Apparent and Real Death.—From his inquiry into the circumstances by which apparent death may be distinguished from real death, M. Bouchut had ascertained that all forms of apparent death, especially those which are due to asphyxia and syncope, present, whatsoever be the diversity of their symptoms, one common character—namely, the persistance of the pulsations of the heart—which distinguishes them from real death.—*Pharmaceutical Times.*

Asiatic cholera, says the *Lancet*, is steadily marching westward, and it seems now to be only a question whether this modern plague shall make its appearance amongst us in the Autumn of 1848, or the spring of 1849. Its headquarters in the East and North of Europe are now in St. Petersburgh, Moscow, and Constantinople. At the present time, the diarrhœa, which has always been its *avant courier*, is more than ordinarily prevalent in this country.

It has for a long time been known, or at least suspected, that in this country marriages are most frequent in days of prosperity, and greatly diminish in hard times. The general character of the people for caution and thrift, aided by some partial observation of facts, would easily suggest such an opinion. These returns demonstrate it. The coincidence of the fluctuation is constant. When men fancy that prosperity is seized, they incline to wed, and commence a family, just as they do to take a shop, a mill, a mine, and begin a business. Governed by prudential considerations, the Englishman rarely marries, except when he believes in the security of prospects.—This may seem a small affair; but it is really a most valuable trait in the character of a nation, and tells greatly in its results.—*Jerrold's Newspaper.*

An Acute Lady.—Lady Browne and I were as usual going to the Duchess of Montrose at seven o'clock. The evening was very dark. In the close lane under the park-pale, and within twenty yards of the gate, a black figure pushed by between the chaise and the hedge on my side. I suspected it was a highwayman; and so I found did Lady Browne, for she was speaking and stopped. To divert her fears, I was just going to say, "Is not that the apothecary going to the duchess?" when I heard a voice cry, "Stop!" and the figure came back to the chaise. I had the presence of mind, before I let down the glass, to take out my watch and stuff it within my waistcoat under my arm. He said, "Your purses and watches?" I replied, "I have no watch." "Then your purse." I gave it to him: it had nine guineas. It was so dark that I could not see his hand, but felt him take it. He then asked for Lady Browne's purse, and said, "Don't be frightened; I will not hurt you." I said, "No you won't frighten the lady." He replied, "No, I give you my word I will do you no hurt." Lady Browne gave him her purse, and was going to add her watch; but he said, "I am much obliged to you; I wish you good night!" pulled off his hat, and rode away. "Well," said I, "Lady Browne, you will not be afraid of being robbed another time, for you see there is nothing in it." "Oh! but I am," said she; "and now I am in terror lest he should return, for I have given him a purse with only bad money, that I carry on purpose."—*Horace Walpole.*

New Zealand Mode of making Provision of a Wife.—Amongst the earliest missionaries who visited NewZealand, one gentleman, a Mr. Y. was distinguished alike for his zeal in the good cause, and the success with which his efforts were crowned. His most promising proselyte was one of the native chiefs; but all at once the man absented himself from the prayer meetings, and appeared morose and dejected. At length Mr. Y. sent for him, and, after some trouble, elicited from him that he was unhappy; he said, "You say, Christian man only have one wife; now me got two; you said that very wicked; what me do with 'em, eh?" This was what is commonly termed rather a poser; and the worthy missionary was at first somewhat at a loss what advice to bestow. After a few minutes' consideration, he replied, "It appears to me, that in the situation in which you are unfortunately placed, the only thing to be done is for you to determine to which of your wives you are most deeply attached, and then put the other away, of course taking care that she shall not want for anything; it is your duty to provide for her properly. Do you understand me?"—The chief signified that he did, and took his leave with many expressions of gratitude. A short time elapsed, when he again sought Mr Y. and greeting him with a countenance beaming with contentment, and intense self-approval, began, "Me very happy now." "I am glad to hear it," was the reply: "Have you acted on my advice then?" "Yes, I only got one wife now." "Quite right; and the other, how have you provided for her?" There was a pause ere the chief, with an air of a man who had done something decidedly clever, and felt sure of applause, replied with a chuckle of self-approbation, "Me eat her."—*Sharpe's Magazine.*

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